

# The Corsair.

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### A SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

The world below hath not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight,  
As a beautiful ship, on a rippling sea,  
In the clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high, as I fix my eye  
On her dark and sweeping hull,  
Laying its breast on the billowy nest,  
Like the tired sleeping gull.

The masts spring up all tall and bold,  
With their heads among the stars;  
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam,  
Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll  
A flag that bears no stain;  
Proud ship! that need'st no other scroll,  
To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds  
Chants out his fitful song,  
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds  
That melts as it floats along.

Oh! what is there on the sluggard land  
That I love so well to mark,  
In the hallow'd light of the still midnight,  
As I do a dancing bark!

The ivied tower looks well in that hour,  
And so does an old church spire,  
When the gilded vane and Gothic pane  
Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,  
The love-bower gathers a charm,  
And beautiful is the chequering play  
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight,  
As a brave ship floating on the sea,  
In the full and clear moonlight.

### THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

Weep for the Minstrel! scatter round  
With flowers his grave, as holy ground;  
Pluck ye the weeds, and plant the rose  
To shadow o'er his last repose;  
Rear ye the turf above his head,  
To guard the spot from stranger's tread;  
And let the setting sunbeam throw  
A smile on him who sleeps below.

His course was like yon ray of light  
Trembling across the wave so bright,  
Round which the waters dull and slow  
With plaintive murmur darkly flow;  
For he threw off, with fluttering joy,  
Those cares which meaner hearts destroy;  
And with quick eye and maddening song  
Charmed the sad world he passed along.

Weep for the minstrel! fatal were  
The gifts to which his soul was heir;  
In festal song his accents thrilled,  
At feast his cup was highest filled,  
And as the wine sparkled o'er the brim  
Delight shot from the eyes of him—  
Those flashes which, alas! but spoke,  
"The happiest heart is easiest broke!"

Weep for the minstrel! sorrow stayed  
Her tears when he his wild harp played;  
To arms the eager soldier sprang  
When he the fiery summons rang;  
To bliss the merry heart gave o'er  
All thought, those quickening chords before;  
And sighing maid approved the tone  
Which eased all love—except his own.

Weep for the minstrel! he who moved  
All hearts to love—he vainly loved.  
On him dark eyes looked cold disdain  
From one who never pitied pain;  
Dim grew his sight, his voice sank low,  
The melting strain refused to flow;  
His spirit's boasted freedom fell  
At tyrant Love's o'erpowering spell.

Weep for the minstrel! lightly lay  
The turf that guards his hallowed clay;  
Nor let the babbling tomb disclose  
With idle epitaph his woes.  
Short was his life; his memory, too,  
Should rest alone with those who knew  
The brilliant start and brief career  
Which, meteor-like, now leaves him here.

### THE COMPACT.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Truth is strange! stranger far than fiction!"

The night was already far advanced, and still the officers of an Austrian regiment of Hussars sat round their table in Vienna, apparently with the same uncourteous determination as the one thus expressed in an old Scotch song:—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my troth she'll wait a wee."

And certainly, judging from the appearance of things, she was likely to wait for their departure rather longer than would have been consistent with her duties to the rest of the world.

The party consisted of nine persons, most of them being in the very prime of manhood, although there were two or three among them who could scarcely have reached that age when men are supposed to be able to act discreetly for themselves: all, however, seemed perfectly on an equality, and all (even if not at that moment seen to the best advantage) presented those undeviating marks of gentle birth and high breeding which are never to be mistaken, and which, when added to the manly bearing of the accomplished soldier, constitute, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the "Genus Homo."

The room in which they were assembled was of an oblong shape, and although the furniture it contained had prematurely lost much of its original freshness and beauty, by reason of the rude treatment to which it had been subjected, it still bore the marks of former elegance: the red damask curtains which fell in heavy folds over every window from the tarnished beak of the gilded eagle which surmounted them, might have been cleaner, and more neatly arranged! the rich Turkey carpet (itself a luxury in those parts), though it only covered a small space in the centre of the room, was soiled with stains which the ill-natured might have hinted to be those of wine, whilst the portrait of a great statesman, which hung over the fire-place, had become so clouded and dingy as to render the lineaments as difficult to discern, as his own dark and mysterious policy. Bottles of various shapes and sizes occupied the table where several empty ones, as though in illustration of the effects which they produce, were lying prostrate, and only prevented from rolling unheeded away from a scene in which they were now neither useful nor ornamental, by having come in contact with the decanters and claret jugs that stood in their way: there were the red wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, together with those which are the delicious produce of the vineyards that border the Rhine; and their tapering, long-necked bottles, with corks three inches in length, formed a curious contrast with those stunted, square-shaped phials, which being twisted round with straw, might be supposed to contain the perfumed "Maraschino di Zara," or some of those hundred-and-one kinds of "Chasse Café," for the manufacture of which the French are so deservedly famous. A few small dishes of dried fruits were scattered over the table, but at such long distances, that it appeared as though the strong light that emanated from the richly cut chandelier which hung from the ceiling was not sufficient to allow of their being noticed amid the crowd of bottles which surrounded them, and which, in fact, seemed to have entirely monopolised the attention of those who sat at the feast.

The individuals in question appeared, however, to have a very good idea of enjoying themselves, and to be not often in the habit of refusing, for mere form's sake, anything that might contribute to their creature comforts; as certainly the singularity of their dress, and the easy (because habitual) manner in which they were loling indolently in their well-stuffed chairs, intimated a greater regard for personal ease and comfort, than for the maintenance of those constrained and irksome observances, from which the Englishman, bred only in accordance with the formal laws of his own stiff society, would have deemed it sacrilege to deviate: seven out of the nine then having doffed their ornamented and tightly-fitting coats, had very wisely replaced them by loose flowing "*robes de chambre*," of richly flowered silk or brocade; whilst the other two, though they retained the uniform of the regiment, had still so far acceded to the general custom, as to wear a round velvet cap, beautifully worked with gold thread, similar in form, if not in fancy, to those that covered the heads of their companions. They were Germans—need it then be said that each man was furnished with his pipe? indeed, the caps just mentioned were worn for no other purpose than to screen the hair from the fumes of tobacco which constantly floated through the room during their convivial meetings, and which, though not otherwise disagreeable to themselves, had proved an atmosphere as injurious to the good looks of their furniture in general, as to those of the Minister whose portrait was hanging above them.

"And so it positively is your real opinion, Seckendorf!" exclaimed a young man at the end of the table, and who evidently spoke in continuation of some previous conversation, "so it positively is your real opinion that one flask of wine from the vineyards of Medoc is worth a dozen of that which grows upon the heights of our own Hocheimer?"

"Positively!" replied he who was thus addressed, but without removing the amber mouthpiece of his richly-ornamented Mereschaum from his lips, "Positively!"

"And may it be allowed to one who is patriotic enough to differ with you in this, to ask your reasons, Herr Graf, for such an absolute preference?" returned the other, as he twisted the point of his fondly-cherished moustache between his finger and thumb.

"I have but one," replied he, "and it is, that my palate is better pleased with the flavour of the one than of the other: have I need of any better?"

"Our friend is sententious to-night," rejoined one of those who have been described as retaining their uniforms, and whose long, drooping epaulets, showed that he held the rank of captain. "But I know why it is; the dull wines, whose flavour he commends so strongly, have not the power of inspiring those who drink them with either eloquence or wit? Their fumes may mount to the brain, but in a cloud so thick and heavy as to paralyse its actions, instead of quickening them!—to dim the natural brilliancy of its ideas, instead of adding to them!—and, in short, to rob the mind of its existing powers, instead of filling it with new ones!—they cannot warm the heart like this," he continued, as he poured out a bumper of Rudesheimer into the largest division of his double glass; "No, no; *mein lieber freund*, take to our own Rhenish if you be wise, or would be happy, and in the meanwhile I drink this to the speedy improvement of your taste."

So saying, he emptied the contents at a draught, although his sparkling eyes and rather excited manner were proofs that, however good the prescription might be for others, he was not overwise to try its efficacy upon himself.

"I do believe," rejoined the other, laughingly, so soon as the ample volume of smoke which he had inhaled had curled in a gentle, but long-continued stream from his lips, "I do believe that you are partly right in what you have uttered, for of a surety you appear to be the very incarnation of those delightful emotions which you say are *only* to be excited by the wine you so strenuously recommend both in precept and example: it does, indeed, seem in your case not to have belied the eulogy you have pronounced upon it. I will, therefore, believe for your sake that its qualities are excellent; but shall I on that account agree to your conclusion, that the exquisite wines of Bordeaux are worthless, save in the possession of similar properties to that fabled stream, whereof whosoever drinks, becomes necessarily dull and oblivious? Surely not! and as to a want or deficiency of taste, whether intellectual or sensual (for in this case it may be either), I might with equal justice accuse you, seeing that I should have exactly the same reasons for doing so as yourself."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the other; "gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I was wrong in supposing that the wines of Bordeaux deadened instead of brightening the mental faculties! Why, there was a speech worthy of a doctor of laws, at once argumentative, logical, and luminous (said I voluminous by mistake.) Oh! commend me to your Bordeaux for the future, whenever it becomes necessary to play the orator!"

"I have often before had occasion to admire your powers of railery," answered Seckendorf, who now, for the first time, appeared to be somewhat moved by the sarcasms of his mercurial friend; "and I have as often wondered why they were always most keenly exerted in proportion as the subject of them was weak and unimportant; but now," he paused abruptly, and then continued in a lighter tone, "however, I have no mind to carry on the discussion with the same animated enthusiasm as yourself; so prithe let the matter rest; and though I cannot convince you that the wines I speak of are the best, at least you will do me the credit to believe that I sincerely think so, and that they might possibly be found as powerful a stimulus to wit and satire, if I also felt disposed to prove their capabilities in my own person."

"Hark to the advocate of the sour wines of France," replied the impetuous and unrelenting Löwenstein; "but Heaven forbid that we should drive him to this last proof of their excellence, for then we should all have to yield at once, astounded by the power and daring which I plainly see are derivable from such a source; but—"

"By the God of my fathers, but this is beyond a joke!" exclaimed Seckendorf, starting on his feet: "whatever may be your opinion of the

matter, Herr Graf von Löwenstein, I believe that, without the same incentive you have mentioned to urge you on to low bravado, you would never have dared to insinuate—"

"Ah! *dared*, said you?"

"Such was my word, Herr Graf—"

"I am sorry for it, Seckendorf," he replied, after a moment's pause; "I could have forgiven you the rest, as, though the retort was somewhat bitter, I had brought it on myself; but you must answer me for *that* word."

The rest of the party (who, never anticipating so serious a termination to so apparently unmeaning a discourse, had hitherto taken no steps to prevent it) now rose at once, and, making light of the matter, endeavoured to appease the fiery spirits of the two friends, and to restore them to their customary amity, for both of them being highly esteemed by the members of the corps, they were unwilling that they should proceed to extremities upon so foolish a misunderstanding. It was accordingly represented to them that not even the rigorous laws of their own code of honour would warrant them in pursuing this quarrel to the extent which their words implied; and so well did they act the part of mediators on this occasion, and so efficient was their friendly interference, that they at last succeeded in extracting from each a positive, though reluctant promise that no *duel* should take place between them upon the matter. With this assurance they remained satisfied, and the affair was considered at an end; but the previous hilarity of the party was completely destroyed, for the two friends, whose hasty tempers had so unfortunately clashed together, continued silent and thoughtful, whilst the others, who, with good sense and politeness, endeavoured to carry on among themselves a conversation upon one of the numerous topics of the day, soon gave it up when they found that they were unable to maintain it with any spirit in consequence of the disagreeable event which had occurred to disturb the harmony of their society. Under these circumstances, they began to make arrangements for their departure, and then, dispersing in different directions, with the usual phrase of "*schlafen sie wohl*," they betook themselves to their several quarters.

The system of duelling is (or was) carried to a frightful extent in the cavalry regiments of the Austrian army, the officers of which have the most absurd ideas of their superiority over those who belong to the troops of the line. The propriety of their laws on this subject appears never to have been questioned by any of them, although they are so severe as to merit the name of sanguinary, for the slightest offence, however unintentional, is a sufficient warranty for demanding a hostile meeting; and as an apology is considered to be, if not exactly a sign of cowardice, at any rate to denote a want of proper martial spirit, it is, of course, but very seldom rendered. In these encounters the small sword or sabre is the weapon almost always employed, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to point out how much more fatal they must be than when a hurried pistol shot decides the matter; indeed, it may be said that if one of the combatants be not killed upon the spot, he is at least maimed or disfigured for life, for when swords are once crossed *in earnest* there must be bloodshed before they are sheathed again. 'Tis, in truth, a dreadful and appalling custom, look upon it as we will; and albeit, the knowledge that they will be thus fearfully called upon to answer for their words, may make men more correct in their conduct towards each other, and more careful in their conversation, yet who will not confess that even these advantages are purchased at too high a price?

As consenting parties to the policy of retaining this powerful curb upon the licentiousness of society, and therefore holding, from the mere force of habit, most perverted notions upon all points of honour, it is to be supposed that the unfortunate occurrences of the evening weighed heavily upon the minds of the two individuals connected with it; and though they had been companions from their very boyhood, and, with their progress to man's estate, their intimacy had ripened into a purer friendship than that scarcely to be defined feeling that men have towards the mere companions of their pleasures, yet so strongly were they imbued with the opinions in which they had been bred, that they found it difficult, if not impossible, to pass over a small affront even from one another.

They both of them belonged to two of the highest families in Hungary, among the haughty nobles of whom the representatives of the houses of Löwenstein and Seckendorf were considered as magnates; and their high hereditary rank, added to their enormous wealth, (for the nobility of Hungary are, perhaps, as rich as any in the world,) gave them so much influence and power in their own territory, that these could scarcely have been greater in the strictly feudal times of their ancestors.

Adolph von Löwenstein was twenty-three years of age, and, though so young, was the head of his family, for his father had died about ten months before the date of this story, leaving him heir to his immense possessions: but the hereditary honours of Ulric Seckendorf (though three years older) were yet only in expectancy, for his father still lived. They had entered the same regiment at exactly the same time, and their gradual rise in it from cadets to a higher rank had been also simultaneous: their friendship seemed to increase daily; they were constantly together, in barracks, the promenade, or the theatre, so that they went by the name of the "two friends;" and this was the footing on which they stood one to another on that evening when the foolish altercation already described took place, and which was the occasion of the most extraordinary compact ever entered into between man and man.

From circumstances which came to light long afterwards, it appears that both of them, on reaching their homes, instead of returning to sleep during the small portion of the night which yet remained, sat brooding abstractedly until the morning, and that, with the first dawn of day, impelled by similar feelings of wounded pride, they severally left their houses with the intention of seeking each other, and of consulting on the means of wiping away that disgrace which, in spite of the opinions of their friends, they considered must attach to them, until their quarrel had been settled by the usual appeal to arms. They met in one of the neighbouring streets, and, after a few words of explanation, walked together towards the public promenade, which, being at that hour deserted, was a place where they would be enabled to converse freely, without any danger of being overheard. With what absorbing interest would he who studies human nature, in order to understand the acts of men, have listened to their discourse!



Calmly and slowly did they go over in detail the incidents of the previous evening; each in his turn reminding the other of some word or circumstance that had escaped his memory; and calmly and distinctly, without the least appearance of anger, did they both express their conviction, that, consistently with their ideas of honour (!) they could not meet again as friends until something had been done in extenuation of the affront they had mutually given and received! Yet how was it to be accomplished? The usual way was closed against them, for they had severally pledged their words that no duel should take place between them, and yet they felt convinced that they must peril their lives *somehow*, one against the other, before they should be satisfied!

Will this be believed? Of a surety it may well be doubted, for it is scarcely credible; but it is nevertheless *absolutely and literally true*!

"I have it," said Lowenstein, decidedly, after some moments' consideration; "and though it may appear even to you a dreadful alternative, yet, as you feel your honour to be tainted, I know you too well to suppose that you will refuse to avail yourself of it, when you must feel that, under the circumstances, there is no other efficient means by which it may regain its purity. Follow me!"

They retraced their steps, taking the direction of the town, where they quickly arrived, and then turning down one of the narrow streets in the suburbs, they entered the billiard-room of a large but dirty *estaminet* situated near the middle of it. The table was already engaged, and the jaded looks of the players told that they had spent the night in their present occupation. They mounted to the first floor, which was empty, and then calling the marker, Lowenstein desired him to place a red and a white ball into any receptacle, whence they might be drawn out singly, without the possibility of distinguishing the difference between them: he accordingly placed them into one of those small bags which the lower classes in Germany use for carrying their tobacco, and drawing the string closely laid it on the table: he was then ordered to withdraw, when Lowenstein thus addressed his companion:—

"You have seen the two balls fairly placed, and my proposition is this: let us draw lots to decide which of us shall draw the first ball, and then let it be understood between us, that he to whose lot the red one falls shall kill himself within a year from this day—the mode of death being left entirely to the choice of him who is to suffer it!"

Startled at the abruptness of this horrible proposal, Seckendorf remained silent for some moments—the blood left his cheeks, and a slight shudder quivered through his frame; but he recovered himself in an instant, and, considering that he was bound in honour (!) to accept even this unprecedented challenge, he at once consented to incur his share of peril in the fearful venture! The lots were accordingly drawn, and the privilege of choosing (if indeed it could be called a choice) devolved upon him. His face was deathly pale, and his lips bloodless, as he drew near the table, but his countenance was expressive of firmness and resolution, as, with a steady hand, he drew back the strings which closed the mouth of the bag. Then turning away his head he thrust in his hand, and, slowly withdrawing it, as if willing to delay the certainty of his doom—the white ball was closely clenched in his nervous grasp! whilst the other and the fatal one (whose colour was surely emblematical of the use to which it had been applied) of course remained as the lot of his companion. During these few but anxious moments Lowenstein had remained with his arms folded upon his breast, erect and motionless, though the fixity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, and his dilated nostrils, told how intense was his interest in the scene; and now that it was over, he still stood in the same position, face to face with his adversary, who, like himself, appeared to have been suddenly turned to stone! The ball which Seckendorf had continued to hold in his hand fell heavily to the ground, and aroused them from their waking trance.

"'Tis well!" said Lowenstein, firmly, after a deep expiration; "'tis well! the peril was the same to both, and I will abide the issue! Seckendorf, we may be friends again, for our wounded honour is now made whole!"

A deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, was the only answer he received, for Seckendorf, after wringing his proffered hand in silent anguish, with almost painful violence, dashed down the stairs into the street, whither he was soon afterwards followed by the other.

It is of course to be supposed that each of them had sworn to maintain the most inviolable secrecy upon the subject of their meeting, and therefore when they met their comrades in the evening as usual, not the smallest hint was given that could lead them to imagine that their well-meant interference had proved so futile: thus (being entirely ignorant of the events of the morning) they one and all congratulated them upon the happy termination of a dispute which seemed to threaten serious consequences: in fact, everybody appeared to be in good spirits, with the exception of Seckendorf, who left the table at a very early hour, and who had remained so silent and abstracted that nothing but the recollection of yesterday's occurrence could have saved him from the jests of his comrades. Lowenstein, on the contrary, seemed even gayer than usual—he laughed loudly, he talked incessantly, he drank deeply—although one who watched him closely might perhaps have discovered that his gaiety was more forced than natural, and that he only resorted to these means in order to conceal the real feelings of a heart but ill at ease.

On the following morning, Lowenstein applied for a month's leave of absence, which, being granted, he set out for his own domains, where, after preparing the means for raising a large sum of ready money, he occupied himself entirely on business-affairs, and in "setting his house in order;" all of which being concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to Vienna, about a week before his term of leave had expired, and then instantly commenced a course of life of such ceaseless debauchery and dissipation as frequently to create doubts of his sanity in the minds of those who had been previously acquainted with him. At all times rather *extravagant*, he now became *profuse* in every item of his expenditure: the most costly carriages thronged his court-yard without the remotest chance of ever being used! a hundred horses were fed and pampered in his stables! and as to his domestics, "their name was legion!" His nights and days were spent in the unremitting pursuit of pleasure and excite-

ment of every kind: he made himself the patron alike of poets, musicians, actors, philosophers, buffoons, and charlatans, and his house was more generally the resort of the wanton and licentious than the honourable or virtuous: but he was evidently reckless of consequences, and only seemed to live in the midst of excitement and revelry, without the smallest care for the world's opinion.

Of course many and marvellous were the reasons assigned for such extraordinary conduct; and as he became the universal talk of the town, it may well be supposed that the ears of his "lady love," of his betrothed, though deserted bride, were often startled by heart-rending stories of his profligacy! To her, this sudden change had something appalling in it, and many a weary hour she passed in maddening speculations as to what could have produced it; but she suffered not alone! for though every other pang he had to struggle with, as a part of his dreadful lot might have been borne with fortitude, yet this estrangement was to him like the tearing of his "dear heart-strings!"

He, Seckendorf, the companion of his youth, the friend of his boyhood, and it may be said the innocent cause of all, how fared he in the estimation of himself! He had lived for some time in constant fear and wretchedness; for the day had not been fixed, and when he laid him down at night he was never certain that the tale of horror might not be sounded in his ears on waking! but latterly he had dared to hope! for as the prescribed period drew near its close, and still found Lowenstein absorbed in the reckless pursuit of pleasure, he had supposed it possible that he might neglect to fulfil their dreadful compact! and then (although he could never even speak of him again) his blood would not be called for at his hands. Alas, he utterly misconceived the meaning of those very acts which, like the symptoms of a disease, should have taught him the real nature of the cruel malady which preyed upon the mind of its wretched victim; it was evident that he bore so keenly in mind the horrid fate which awaited him, that he could not think upon it with fortitude, and therefore resorted to every kind of excitement, in order to drive it from his thoughts until the period had come when it could no longer be postponed. It was but too evident that he did not intend to break the devilish compact he had made; as the very manner in which he threw away the means of life told how plainly he felt that he should never want them. Can anything be conceived more terrible than this! not only to know the very hour at which we are to die, and therefore to crawl through life with the cold hand of death upon our shoulder! but to feel also that the manner of it must shut us out forever from the mercy of offended Heaven! Oh, horrible!

Exactly twelve months from the evening of that day which was the epoch of the commencement of this narration, there was a *grand bal masque* at the house of the — Ambassador to the imperial court of Vienna. In the motely crowd there were characters of all kinds, from the buffoon to the knight-templar, and many who mingled in the gay crowd were, on that evening, to their infinite dismay, reminded of their most secret peccadilloes, by those who being better disguised than themselves, had it in their power to pursue their malicious pastime without the chance of discovery. Lowenstein was present in the dress of a Spanish *gran* *de*, which was well calculated to exhibit his symmetrical figure to advantage; his short gold-embroidered velvet cloak hung carelessly over his left shoulder, leaving his richly-worked satin vest exposed to view, whilst the plume of ostrich feathers which nodded from his jewelled hat dropped so low upon his face as to conceal its features nearly as well as some of the masks which, for the sake of coquetry or affectation, were merely held by the hand, instead of being duly fastened over the face. He had been extremely gay during the early hours of the evening, dancing almost incessantly, and leading on the waltzers with such unwearied spirit, as to appear entirely proof against fatigue; but as the night advanced he had retired with his partner from the blaze of the brilliantly-lighted saloon, and was observed to enter the conservatory with her whence the fragrant exotics gave a delightful freshness to the air.

The lady in question was young and beautiful, and though it was evident from her mien and bearing that she belonged to a far higher order, she was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the canton of Zurich; nothing could be more simple than this attire, for, save that her head-dress of black lace which resembled the outstretched wings of a gigantic butterfly, was secured by means of a small diamond brooch, which might be likened to the body of the insect, she wore no ornaments of any kind; as the bracelet of dark hair which encircled her left arm (and which so strongly resembled the colour of him who stood by her side, as to lead any one to imagine they might be the same) although clasped with gold, could scarcely be called so. Those who watched them on this evening, (and the prying gaze of many were upon them,) say that during their brief interview the lady's looks were sad, and that many a tear after trembling for a moment in her dark blue eyes fell heavily upon her pallid cheek; while he, though he spoke with all the forced calmness of despair, was evidently dreadfully agitated!

The strokes upon the silver bell of the enamelled dial at their side were heard to chime the three-quarters; he started as if the fangs of an adder had suddenly pierced his flesh, and these concluding words of their discourse reached the ears of the standers-by—"Amilie, I cannot! I dare not! I have already staid too long, for I have an engagement to fulfil before midnight, or my honour is lost—Farewell!" He passed hurriedly through the crowd which thronged the saloon, taking no notice of the numerous inuendos of his masked associates, and springing down the marble stair case, he entered his carriage which whirled him away with great rapidity from the festive scene.

It wanted still a few minutes to midnight when the neighbourhood of — was aroused by the report of a pistol-shot! It came from the bedroom of Lowenstein; his servants entered with fear and trembling, and there upon his couch with the fatal instrument by his side, lay the lifeless corpse of their master, his rich apparel still unremoved, spattered with brains and blood!—he lived to the last moment allowed him by the terms of the dreadful agreement to which he had pledged himself, and then he thus fearfully fulfilled it.

The tale is ended! and for the melancholy satisfaction of those who

may be unwilling to believe that such a thing could ever come to pass, it may be mentioned that there are several now living who can vouch for its perfect truth.

### AFFECTATION—MALE AND FEMALE.

BY CAPTAIN BOMBARDINO.

This is the age of affectation, and not of intellect; for intellect is but thinly sprinkled over the surface of society, whereas affectation

“Rules the court, the camp, the grove.”

The malady extends, in fact, from distant John O’Groat’s to the Land’s End, and pervades every corner of the town and city,—from Wapping to Change Alley, and from the inns of court to the Court of St. James’s; so that we have the affectation of fashion and philanthropy, down even to the affectation of folly and of ruffianism. Sheridan meant to have written a comedy, entitled *Affectation*. I wish to Heaven that he had done it: it would have beaten the *School for Scandal* hollow! Lord Byron was one of the most affected men of his age. Tommy Moore is affected to a degree; and yet we cannot possibly deny the possession of intellect to the author of *Crib’s Memorial*, and of the *Irish Melodies*. Nearly all the foreign men of letters are affected. Old Goethe was a mass of vanity and affectation. Your German *Gelehrte* is the most affected fellow imaginable, and is second only to the French *litterateur*, who is absolutely insufferable. In France every petty newspaper scribe already thinks himself seated on the ministerial bench; because little Thiers wrote himself into notice by extending Mignet’s two very good volumes into ten very bad ones. Yet Thiers, and the best of the French newspaper people, would hardly be counted seventh-rate hands in this country: only see what poor drivelling stuff they write about England.

Now, I must beg of you, kind reader, not to be led beyond your depth by the names of the few eminent men here mentioned in the list of the affected; because for one affected man of talent, you have, after all, a thousand affected men of no talent, and then see how delightfully the folly shews itself. One man speaks to you in a mild and chastened tone, for fear that the full notes of his impressive voice should be too much for the weak nerves of one so greatly his inferior in station or transcendent merit. Another shall speak to you in a frank, friendly, off-hand manner, implying the kind intention of putting you at your ease in his presence. One man, in pointing the toe of his right foot, condescends to give you two fingers; another gives you a hearty shake, as much as to say, “Do not be afraid of me,—no one is a great man to his valet or inferior.” The silly, simple, and rapid exclusive hardly knows you—“has not the advantage.” The exquisite tells you that he perfectly recollects you, “and if your name be George, he’ll call you Peter.” While some attempt to conceal their ignorance of politeness and good manners by rude and boorish coarseness. Then you have the affectation of singularity, of learning, of knowledge, valour, virtue, and generosity, together with the endless shades of affectation put on by all classes of the community, down to servants, shopmen, and waiters. Of these, the second class are, perhaps, the most amusingly ridiculous; and in the fashionable shops at the west end of the town, particularly those frequented by ladies, some diverting specimens may always be found.

Most of the eminent men of our time and country were, on the other hand, totally free from affectation. Sir Walter Scott was perfectly unaffected; so was poor Hogg; and so is Professor Wilson, though his eccentric manner might, at first, make the superficial observer think otherwise. He is constantly obliged to put a sort of check upon his buoyant and elastic disposition, which seems as if it threatened to bear him away beyond the little conventionalities of the day. Except Napoleon, Mahmoud, and Mehemet Ali, I have seen all the leading men of my time, and have hob-a-nobbed with a good many of them; and feel much disposed to rate Professor Wilson above the entire set. There is evidently a great and fiery spirit about that man, which appears a little wild, perhaps, because it is of too soaring a nature for the professor’s usual pursuits and occupations. A genius like his required a wider field of action; and I have always thought that he would have made an incomparable commander of cavalry,—one of the few who could see and seize the opportunity for striking, as horsemen should strike, with the speed and strength of lightning. The Duke of Wellington is another unaffected man. Say of Old Douro what we may, and he is certainly no favourite of mine, we must still allow that he is brave, direct, manly, unaffected, and perfectly disinterested. But though brave as a man, he was the weakest minister that ever swayed the destinies of England, and was bullied alike by the Russians, the Whigs, the Irish, and the Liberals.

And what is the object of this affectation? Notoriety and distinction, of course, and fashionable distinction in particular. We wish to be thought finer and grander than we really are, and strive, by exterior manner, to give the world a greater opinion of our dignity, talents, or consequence than we suspect our unsupported worth likely to inspire. So that the world is, after all, a stage on which nine-tenths of us are really acting a part as different as possible from the one actually assigned to us by nature. Most stinging fellows pretend, if you believe them, not to care about money, and to be extremely liberal; but “they cannot bear to be imposed upon.” This man sets up for a genius; because, like Byron, he goes without a cravat. The other actually affects bodily infirmities; and, being rich, wears ragged clothes, and fancies that filth and negligence in dress will make folly and meanness pass upon his sycophants for talent and liberality. Then, there is the would-be Lothario, who desires you “not to credit a word that is said about him and the beautiful Miss Free love,” of which, indeed, you had never heard a syllable. “These things,” he assures you, “should never be spoken about: he has no idea how the affair became public; but the world are so ill-natured, that they will never allow a lucky fellow to enjoy his good fortune in peace.” I always, for shortness sake, give such fellows the lie direct; and never yet knew one who dared to acknowledge the compliment: “conscience made cowards of them all,”—for the scoundrels who boast belong invariably to the unfavoured. Of the clever men who have written every good anonymous arti-

cle that has appeared in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, it is needless to speak; you meet them at every turn.

As to female affectation, it is, perhaps, too amusing to be entirely condemned. Women are sometimes very affected, and give themselves very foolish airs: but still they are women; and their affectation, particularly when they are young and pretty, cannot be offensive, however ridiculous it may be at times. Besides, women are naturally much less affected than men, because they have more genuine feeling. This is sufficiently illustrated by the small number of affected women you meet in the lower ranks, compared to the great number of silly and affected men you find in the same classes. Except a few ladies’ maids, who, when pretty, sometimes imitate the manners of their mistresses, you seldom see much affectation among servant girls, milliners, or *grisettes*. With men, as before stated, the case is exactly the reverse; you meet, if possible, more ridiculous affectation in the lower ranks than in the upper.

With women, as with men, affectation shews itself in a thousand different ways, according to rank, manner, character, station, and circumstance. One pretty dear shall just lean upon your arm with the point of her finger, hardly allowing you to feel the weight of her fairy touch; thus, when it is well done, insinuating a doubt of your being “any body” deserving of such condescension. Another leans upon you with the most perfect indifference, to shew you that you are considered in the light of a mere porter. In a quadrille there are countless modes of displaying a little exquisite affectation; attention to the dance, inattention to your partner, marks this extremely well: then there are, at least, fifty ways of giving the hand, and, when skilfully managed, the mere pointing of the fingers is an expressive substitute. A profound courtesy at parting, or when the dance is finished, will do just as well as a slight one; and to converse loudly and cheerfully with a bystander, while regardless of your partner, is no unusual way of shewing your consequence. As to the especial mode and manner of giving yourself airs, whether in dancing or otherwise, it must, of course, entirely depend upon the figure, character, and disposition of the parties, as well as upon the object to be attained. No lady who has been well trained in the schools of modern fashion would give herself airs towards a young duke, or unmarried peer; her manner towards them would be entirely of a winning kind: though winning manners must, again, depend upon the peculiar disposition of the persons attacked. A clever girl shall sometimes brow-beat the haughtiest of the haughty, or captivate, by her trembling and sensitive timidity, the most timid and bashful of her admirers. But all this requires, of course, great care and attention: for if you hurt the pride of a haughty fool, he is lost for ever; and too much timidity with the timid prevents you from ever coming together.

A military man is never (unless when he happens, besides, to be a man of fortune) looked upon as a “great catch;” and as the manners adopted towards the “great catch” differ very widely from those put on towards the “no catch,” it will be right here to illustrate the difference by an adventure which happened to myself, having, at times, appeared in both characters.

During the early part of my military career I was stationed in one of the most aristocratic counties in England; and, being always well mounted in a hunting-field, an indefatigable dancer, and considered, above all, as the nearest connexion of a wealthy old bachelor, one of the richest commoners in the county, I was a pretty general favourite both with ladies and gentlemen. As a corps of officers, we experienced a good deal of hospitality in our quarter; but though my rank gave me no claim to favour above my neighbours, it was still remarked that my invitations were, in proportion, far more frequent than they had been in our last station. Aunts and mothers, instead of looking cold upon me as they do now, were particularly attentive, and never lost an opportunity of placing me, by some chance or other, alongside of a pretty niece or daughter. The estate of my relation, Mr. Boodeep, was alone worth ten thousand a year: he was already old and infirm, and his sole occupation through life had been to save money; he was therefore supposed to be enormously rich. I was his heir-at-law, and, though the relationship was little more than nominal, we were on good terms, and I was a frequent visitor at his house. This was enough for the ladies, who were completely deceived in the matter, though I was not. I had been intimate with the old gentleman from my school-boy days; I had even from a lad felt confident that he would never leave me a farthing. I could have assigned no reason for this conviction: we had always been friends, and he was a gentleman in his manner; but he was pompous, and he was a “boor,” and could never stand upright in a great man’s company; whereas, in all my life I never could get on with great men or tuft-hunters.

We had danced away the best part of the winter in our hospitable quarter, and had flirted, as usual, with all the pretty girls in the place, when a lady of the neighbourhood, the mother of three fine-looking daughters, determined to make sure of me, or of my relation’s fortune rather, while my heart was yet on the wing. Coming up to me one evening at a ball, she said with all the *sang froid* in the world,

“Why have you not danced with Maria?”

I answered, in truth, that I had asked the young lady, who was, unfortunately, engaged.

“Leave that to me,” replied Mrs. Chasewell; “can you dance this dance?”

I made a bow of acquiescence, and she immediately joined her daughter. A short explanation followed, and I was immediately handed up to my pretty partner. Maria, for such was her name, was really so very beautiful that it was impossible not to like her, though she was rather cold and reserved, and had a good deal the appearance of being one of your beautiful insensibles; but then she was mild and gentle, and not one of the haughty insensibles, who, unless when the insensibility is merely affected, are regular bores, and should be put into frames, and suspended, like pictures, to the walls, merely to be looked at,—being, in fact, good for nothing else.

The dance ended, Mrs. Chasewell joined us, and invited me to dine at Dashton Park on the Saturday following, requesting that, school-boy like, I would stay till Monday morning, as I could easily ride in after



breakfast, and be in sufficient time for all the duty required of me in a quiet country quarter. The invitation was too pleasant to be refused; and Saturday found me leading Maria to dinner, and listening to her pretty music and pretty nonsense in the evening; Sunday saw me leading her to church; and Monday beheld me cantering back to drill and duty, with the commands, rather than the invitation, of the charming hostess, to renew my visit next Sunday. I was nothing loth; till, by degrees, every Saturday found me a regular guest at Dashton Park: my room was ready for me; my horse knew his stall; the old butler spoke to me as if I was already one of the family; the housekeeper bustled doubly at my approach, and with the airs that all womankind give themselves when they see, or fancy they see, a marriage in prospect; the young servant lasses acknowledged me with a smile, and once or twice, I believe, with something more. The family circle and most intimate visitors had long fallen back to the conventional distance assumed towards engaged or *engaging* parties: Maria and I had by degrees become isolated in the midst of the company; I led her to dinner and to the piano; we rode, walked, and read together. It was evidently a settled affair, and Mrs. Bombardinio's health was already a standing toast at the mess. Mrs. Chasewell sometimes asked, in a careless manner, about the health of Mr. Boodeep; but no explanation was ever asked, nor was a single word about "intentions" ever uttered.

Time flew pleasantly along: I had said many pleasant things to Maria, and had acquired a matter-of-course right to kiss her hand, and to press it to my heart, whenever opportunity offered; but I had never got the length of making a declaration in form, which, after so many informal declarations, was hardly necessary,—for the youngest sister, who was a wild sort of a hobble-de-hoy of fourteen, constantly called me by my Christian name, played me all sorts of tricks, declaring that she had a full right to do what she pleased with her brother-in-law. It was charming foolery, though, unfortunately, of too short duration. We were all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner one Sunday, when a letter from our excellent adjutant, Lieut. Fireface, was delivered to me. The man of orders stated that an officer of our most distant detachment had been reported sick, and that, as next for duty, I would immediately be called upon to relieve the invalid. Fireface added, with some barrack-room wit, that he had sent me the earliest information, to enable me to make the most of my time while at the Park; desiring me "to storm the breastwork at once, steer clear of sand-bag batteries, and stick to the gold bags only." The news threw a damp over the party, who all expressed great regret at my approaching departure. Mrs. Chasewell was evidently a little discomposed; and something like a shade passed for an instant, as I thought, across Maria's beautiful face and eye. But as I was, after all, not going to any great distance, and was only to be debarred the pleasure of my usual Sunday visits, dinner pretty well restored our spirits. I had no sooner entered the drawing-room—long before the rest of the gentlemen, you may believe—when Mrs. Chasewell took hold of my arm, and as the evening was fine, desired me to lead her round the lawn. When out of ear-shot, she asked me, "is there any engagement between you and Maria?" I replied that there was not, but that I certainly entertained hopes. "Well," said Mrs. Chasewell, interrupting me, "that is exactly as it should be; you have both behaved like sensible children; we must have no engagements. When you return to the regiment, you must come and see us as usual; you will find us unchanged. There is Maria's portrait, together with a lock of her hair; you asked her for them, but it is me that gives them, though not without her knowledge; they will be a pledge of both our sentiments; but let us have no romance, no wearing them round the neck for a week, to be neglected and thrown aside ever afterwards. Send me, in return, the painting which you mentioned."—This was a small, boyish looking, but very clever portrait taken of me by a young and promising artist: it was a striking picture, and represented me face to face with a Jaguar tiger that I had accidentally disturbed while hunting bush-fowl in Guiana, and with whom I thought it advisable to hold as long a conference as possible before commencing hostilities, which promised no pleasant result, as my gun was loaded only with small shot. A Jaguar is nothing when compared with a royal Bengal tiger; but it is an awkward position to be placed in, to have such an adversary, in full springing attitude, glaring at you with eyes fiery red, and within one single bound of your most precious person. The sensation produced by the first introduction is almost electric: a sudden and forceful jerk throws all the blood in your veins back upon the heart; for an instant you are rendered a pulseless and motionless statue, till the returning throbs of the breast makes the blood rush, with fiery heat and speed, to the very extremity of the limbs, and makes the frame stagger again by the violence of the reaction. But, though motionless in eye and person, the mind is actively at work; and plan after plan, and project after project, pass with wonderful rapidity through the brain, and with a degree of clearness, too, that impresses every thought and shade of thought on the tablets of your memory. This affair of the tiger is not exactly of yesterday; but I recollect every particle of it as clearly as if it had happened only three hours ago, and think I could almost tell over every hair in the rascal's moustache.

To return, however, with many apologies, to Mrs. Chasewell. "You will write to us occasionally," continued my charming hostess; "address your letters to me; some of us will always answer you. But let us have no parting scenes; take leave as usual, like rational children; we shall soon meet again, and I hope for good and all." We parted next morning, and without any scene; a few minutes *tete-a-tete* with Maria in the library was all that chance afforded me. What is said and done in such minutes is not worth repeating; the sayings appearing too foolish, and being only intelligible at such particular moments; and the doings requiring no detailed explanation. But transient as such scenes may be, they are always terribly short, though the mere recollection makes the heart vibrate again for years afterwards. I had not been long at my new station before my regiment was ordered to Ireland, and, as you may believe, I could not quit the land without again seeing my friends at Dashton Park. I was received with what really looked like kindness, and what probably was so at the time. If the motives that brought about our intimacy were

not, perhaps, when duly examined, the most exalted that could have been imagined, we had, by constantly acting the agreeables towards each other, began also to like each other; and few persons there are, particularly among ladies, who have not some pleasing points of character about them, which, when duly examined and called forth, can hardly in the end fail to make a favourable impression. Indeed I am not certain that I was ever, for any length of time, very intimate with a pretty girl without losing some portion of my heart; though as formerly explained, a sound and elastic heart always grows again in good and sufficient time. The Chasewells had, besides, many pleasing points about them: they were all accomplished, well brought up, and would, probably, but for Mrs. Chasewell's love of fashionable distinction, which naturally made wealth her idol, and crushed every generous feeling of the heart, have been remarkably amiable. I found my picture suspended in a small room, half library, half work-room, to which none but the intimate friends of the ladies were ever admitted; It had been new framed in splendid style, and was surrounded by some tasteful drapery, that set me off to a flattering advantage, and made me not a little proud of my situation and appearance. I spare you all that was said and done on the occasion. When my carriage was announced, Mrs. Chasewell said, "Should your good old relative die during your absence—and at his time of life he cannot hope to live long, poor man—you will, of course, have to return here, in order to settle your affairs: in that case I shall expect that you will take up your quarters here; you see we already treat you as one of the family." I promised to acquiesce, but declared, right honestly, that I had no reason to look for any thing from Mr. Boodeep, as the estate was entirely at his own disposal. This was treated as only a *facon de parler*, and we separated better friends than ever. I embraced the mother and daughters, carried Maria's glove along with me, and had a rose thrown into the chaise by the youngest daughter, as I drove, sorrowfully from the door. During my stay in Ireland I corresponded regularly with the family: my letters were, according to order, addressed to Mrs. Chasewell, but they were mostly answered by Maria,—sometimes by one of her sisters; Mrs. Chasewell seldom added more than a postscript; but every letter contained at least one of those hints from some member of the family, to shew that the letters underwent inspection. They were only friendly and amusing, therefore; love—love divine! was never mentioned in our epistles, unless when speaking of others; it was a pleasant correspondence,—for ladies are, when they like, charming letter-writers.

It came at last—the long-looked-for event; but came not as it had been anticipated at Dashton Park. My old relative died, leaving the entire of his fortune to three very wealthy individuals; two of them noblemen whom he had hardly known; the third, a baronet, with whom he was, even more distantly connected than with myself: my name was not so much as mentioned in the will. As Mrs. Chasewell was owing me a letter at the time, I waited quietly to see what she would say to my altered fortunes. I was not left long in suspense. No sooner had she satisfied herself of the tenor of old Boodeep's will, than she sent me a formal letter of condolence, lamenting the injustice which had been done me, not more on my own account than on account of her own family, who all deeply mourned the failure of hopes which they had so long and so anxiously cherished; as they concluded that it could not, for the present, be my intention "to settle in life."

Our regiment having for some time been under orders for foreign service, Mrs. Chasewell concluded the correspondence with the best wishes of herself and family for my continued health and future prosperity: the entire of this letter was in the good lady's own hand-writing. Years rolled away. Chance had brought me to London during the height of the season; and "Captain Bombardinio" was shouted in thunder from one liveried herald to another, till it reached the drawing-room of some rout-giving house in the fashionable part of the town. I had hardly followed my name into the room, when the words "Good God!" uttered in a well-known voice, fell upon my ear: I turned round; it was Maria, attired in all the splendour of fashion, and looking, in truth, most splendidly beautiful, though less interestingly so, perhaps, than when I first knew her. As if alarmed by my unexpected appearance, she had grasped the arm of the lady with whom she was speaking, and was, for an instant, so much discomposed, that her neighbour remarked the emotion, and questioned us by a scrutinising look. But, as I only addressed Maria like an ordinary acquaintance, she immediately, by arranging some of the folds of her dress, recovered her usual placidity of manner. I had not advanced ten steps into the room, and had not been five minutes in it, when Mrs. Chasewell already stood by the side of her daughter. Women of this class seem at times to possess intuitive sources of information. The good lady shook hands with me in the most cordial manner, asked about my travels, about her former acquaintances in the regiment,—told me that her eldest daughter was married to Lord Myrtle—hoped we should often meet; and then, taking Maria by the arm, and saying that she wanted to see old lady somebody, wished me a good night.

With the married daughter I had an equally formal meeting; and, by degrees, a friendly nod, a mutual and unanswered "How do?" was all that passed between us when chance brought us near each other. Maria, also, was married in due time, the natural consequence of her sister having made a splendid match. Like other votaries of fashion and of folly, the Chasewells were making to themselves a home in foreign countries, that, in manners, morals, intellect, and cleanliness, stand in the lowest grade of European civilisation.

While performing the tour, so philosophically described in this journal, chance brought me to Florence.

"You will, of course, see Lady Myrtle?" said a fair countrywoman of ours, a few days after my arrival.

"I have no intention of calling," was my reply.

"How so?" demanded my inquisitive friend; "you were at one time very intimate at Dashton Park; your portrait occupies one of the most conspicuous places in the so-called picture-gallery."

"Where does it hang?" I asked; and found, by the explanation, that the painting had been removed from the secluded *sanctum*, and mixed up

with the mass of good, bad, and indifferent pictures that decorate so many of our country mansions.

"You are a good deal changed Captain Bombardinio," continued the lady, "since that likeness was taken; I may therefore tell you of a laugh we had one day at the expense of the boyish face which it represents. Somebody remarked that you appeared to be very young for the hero of such an adventure.

"Who do you call the hero?" said Mr. Townstrut (the same who afterwards became Maria's husband).

"Why, the young gentleman, to be sure," replied the first speaker.

"Now I would rather call the tiger the hero," continued Mr. Townstrut; "for he is evidently the handsomest, and has by far the most intelligent and expressive countenance of the two." The remark caused a good deal of amusement.

"Did any one add," I asked, "that the tiger thought differently?"

"I only recollect that we all laughed," said my informant—"Mrs. Chasewell and Maria in particular."

I did not call on Lady Myrtle; but a few days afterwards found a card from her husband, and an invitation to dinner, lying on my table. Having declined to accept, and only fired a formal card in return, I received a note from her ladyship, requesting particularly to see me before I left Florence. I never go out of the way of a *tele-a-tete* with a lady, and called accordingly. After the commonplace sayings of the day had been duly said, Lady Myrtle requested, with some hesitation, that I would promise neither to see nor to call upon her sister, Mrs. Townstrut, who was at at Naples, where I was then going.

"I shall neither go in her way nor out of her way," was my answer.

"Go out of her way to oblige me, and for 'auld lang syne,'" said Lady Myrtle.

I repeated the story of the portrait; she blushed as I thought no lady of *ton* could blush.

"You have a bad opinion of us, Captain Bombardinio," she replied, and was going to add, "with good reason;" but I stopped her short.

"You do me injustice," I said; "for I have a very good opinion of your ladyship, and of all the members of your family: but I have a very bad opinion of modern manners, and of modern fashions, for they tend to eradicate from the heart every good, noble, and generous feeling, and too often make mere fashionable automatons of the best of your sex; and then leave you, when the momentary excitement of gratified vanity is gone, unpitied wrecks on folly's shore. We begin by harmlessly seeking for fashionable notoriety; extravagance, and all the miseries attendant on the fancied necessity of *keeping up an appearance* above our means, follow, of course; we become harsh masters, litigious customers, oppressive creditors, and mean and cringing debtors. Fortune-hunting succeeds; ill-assorted matches are the consequence; dissipation is resorted to, for the purpose of driving away *ennui*, or worse, perhaps, to drown dislike and hatred; till, in the end, Florence, Paris, Brussels, or Naples, receive in their hospitable bosoms the outcasts from British Society, who there take refuge, not to amend, but to add the lax morality of French and Italian society to the follies for which our own is distinguished."

To smooth down, however, the asperity of the speech, I continued,

"Your ladyship perceives that I am only speaking generally. I also know, from 'auld lang syne,' that the ladies of your family rank far too high in every excellence to come within the circle I have been describing; you only sport a little with the follies of the times—and yet the recollection of such dallying made your ladyship blush just now through your own very beautiful complexion, which, by the by, is, I think, very much improved since I saw you last. And now farewell; I am off to the 'eternal city,' as travelling dandies say."

"Well, think of my request," said Lady Myrtle; "I assure you we were all very sorry when old Boodeep made such a shabby will: both my mother and sister shed tears on your account."

"They only mistook the real object of their sorrow, my dear Lady Myrtle," said I, as I took her proffered hand, and took my leave.

Now, I look upon this affair to have been managed with extreme skill, tact, and ability; for, if old Boodeep had left me his fortune, Maria would, as a matter of course, have taken possession of a fine estate, with deeds and settlements drawn up exactly according to Mrs. Chasewell's own direction. As he did not leave me his fortune, I only marched away with my regiment, and there was an end of the affair: there was a little talk, and no *éclat*; no breaking of engagements or of hearts; no lawsuits, no love-letters: it was managed, in fact, exactly as such matters should be managed. That the mode of proceeding in these cases must depend entirely upon circumstances I need not tell you. I recollect a Scottish dowager who ended a *tele-a-tete* with a young gentleman of fortune by placing her back against the door, and by flatly informing the astonished dandy that he should not leave the room till he had married her daughter. This was a *coup de force*, and succeeded; but it is a sort of experiment not to be tried every day.

On stepping out of Lady Myrtle's *palazzo*, I found, if I may so express myself, the whole town of Florence in a roar of laughter. I inquired what was the matter. An English lady of rank and fashion, who that morning quitted the town, had forgotten—not her reticule, nor her parasol, but her youngest child, which was left at Schneider's hotel, and had to be sent after her by a courier. It furnished a pretty fair illustration to the speech I had been making.

## ORIENTAL WIVES.

BY M. J. QUINN, ESQ.

\* There are few things relating to eastern manners concerning which we Europeans entertain such erroneous notions, as the degrees of authority and influence exercised by the regularly-married women, especially among the Turks and Persians. A distinction, it must always be borne in mind, and a very marked one, exists between the duly-married consort and the "slave of the right hand," as Mahomet designates the mere concubine, or odaliq of the harem. The number of the latter altogether depends on

the station, and wealth, and temperament of the possessor. From the effect of the climate females, attain maturity in those regions much sooner than amongst us; from the same cause, as well as from their sedentary habits, their indolence, and their excessive indulgence in the luxuries of the bath, they, in fact, often assume all the symptoms of old age at a period when the English woman exhibits the full display of her charms. Allowance being made for these circumstances, it will still be found that the number who take advantage of the plurality system is by no means so great as we usually imagine. Of a thousand Persians, for instance, not a dozen have more than two wives; not thirty have more than one; and where this is the case, the best informed travellers agree that the routine of domestic life does not differ very materially from that which we behold in every well-regulated family at home: that is to say, the real, substantial head of the administration is the lady of the mansion.

There is a popular story in Persia which clearly establishes this point:—A wealthy nabob had a very pretty daughter, named Hoseinee, who being an only child, was spoiled at an early age, and grew up with a temper that often marred her beauty of its most beguiling attractions; she chose to fix her affections on Sadik Beg, a young soldier of good family, who, however, possessed no other portion than his sword. The father yielded to her wishes in every respect, and Sadik, upon learning the good fortune that awaited him, hesitated not to avail himself of the young lady's condescension. But he resolved, at the same time, that in accepting her hand he should not, as she appeared to expect, become her slave. The ceremony was performed, apartments were assigned to the "happy pair" in the nabob's palace. It happened that while they were sitting together the first evening of their marriage, a favourite cat presented herself, purring, to the notice of the bride. Sadik attempted to play with it, but the animal, jealous, perhaps, of his novel and superior claims to the lady's attention, scratched him, whereupon he deliberately drew his sword, and severing its head from the body, flung both in a moment out of the window. Hoseinee saw at once that, instead of a slave, she had obtained a master. The effect was magical: she became one of the most submissive and charming wives in the world.

Amongst Sadik's friends was a little hen-pecked fellow of the name of Merdek. Talking together one day of their domestic affairs, Merdek was astonished to hear of the change wrought in Hoseinee's character by the decision which Sadik evinced on the first day of their marriage, and remembering that his wife also (a termagant of the first water) had a feline favourite, he bethought him that it was not yet too late to recover, by a similar act of heroism, his proper station as the ruler of his own family. Forthwith returning home, he girded himself with his scimitar, and entering my lady's chamber with a swagger that very little became his ordinary position, he beheld "Tabby" approaching him in her usual familiar manner. The meditated sacrifice was consummated in an instant; but while poor Merdek was stooping to execute the window act of the tragedy, his wife, who was already apprised of the story, gave him a box on the ear, which laid him prostrate on the floor. "Take that, you booby," said she, with an air of ineffable scorn; "you forget that Hoseinee's cat was killed on the wedding-day."

The tale, however, goes on to inform us that the nabob's daughter by no means lost rank in consequence of her early submission. Having discovered that she was not to rule in one way, she, with the ready instinct of her sex, soon availed herself of another. Sadik was not to be commanded, but he was easy to be seduced; and while the wife of Merdek governed by the iron rod of "Won't you, dear?" spoken in her stern voice, Hoseinee was perhaps still more potent by her talismanic "Will you not, my love?" uttered in a softened tone, which the soldier knew not how to resist. I know of no other distinction that prevails in these accidental climates. In fact, though few wedded men will acknowledge it, we are all ruled by force or by fraud, and of the two it appears to me, from what I have observed through life, that the more dangerous mistress of the woman who pretends to no authority at all. Whenever I find this to be the case, whenever I hear it said that Mrs. So-and-so is the most meek, the most acquiescing creature in existence, that she has, even upon the most trifling point, no will of her own, nor any desire to have any will save that of her husband, I seldom fail to discover that, although the truth is she has no will but that of her husband, she has taken very good care beforehand that his will should be the very thing she would wish it to be. The "Won't you, dear?" has its power certainly—it may now and then be checked by a Sadik; but the "Will you not, my love?" sinks us all—Heaven help us!—into mere Merdeks!

The Persian word "mader," for mother, sounds not unlike our own. She is throughout the East the object of the most sacred and beautiful affection from the prince to the peasant; she almost uniformly directs the marriages of her children. If a woman have property of her own, the Koran secures to her a full command of it during her life, and that control is in no way affected by her marriage. This is a privilege which the English married women does not possess, unless special provision to the contrary be made before she pronounces the binding syllable of matrimony. For such is the tenderness of our law in her behalf, that it strips her of all personal interest in her own property the moment the ring is put on, unless she has previously bound the gentleman to give up all his rights in that respect, by making him say so in three or more ample skins of parchment, regularly signed and sealed.

The Mahometan wife, moreover, has similar control over her dower. At her death her husband is entitled only to half her property, including her dower, if there be no children; if there be, he only takes a fourth, the remainder being equally divided amongst the children, males and females sharing alike.

Even amongst the Tartars, the position of the wife differs not very materially from that which she enjoys in Europe, although she is treated on some points in a manner that would lead a stranger to think otherwise. She is purchased from her father according to the primitive custom. The suitor, if he cannot at once pay the price demanded for her in cows—a cow being amongst them the principal standard of value—must yield his personal service in lieu thereof, as Jacob did of old. The price of a well-looking girl is about thirty cows; it descends as low as four or five cows, in



proportion to the want of personal attractions on the part of the lady. But though the father may sell his daughter, the husband cannot dispose of his wife after that fashion. If she be faithless, he may send her home, and obtain what he paid for her back again. But if she be well conducted, and be the parent of children—the great source of all honour in the East—she may go through life as happy as any woman in any country. It is true that amongst some nations of Tartars she is not permitted to eat at the same table with her husband, and she is compelled to go through all the drudgery of the family, while her lord sits at his ease. But examples of similar treatment may be found even in France. Generally speaking, the Tartar wives, contrary to the import of the proverbial expression, are far from being *Tartars*. They are hospitable to strangers, affectionate to their husbands and children, they dress on their festival days splendidly, they go to see their friends and relations when they choose, they have their meetings for social enjoyment, for tittle tattle and scandal. What more can they desire?

Their gala costume differs from that of the Turkish ladies chiefly in the number of their gold and silver ornaments, of which they make a prodigious show. Their ear-rings are immense, often hanging down to the shoulders; and their gold neck-chains, and armlets are remarkably sumptuous; and in addition to these, they even decorate the nose with rings. They wear trousers of a light yellow, or ruby colour, red slippers, long silk gowns, braided in front with silver twist, and fastened with silver buttons, and cinchures of leather embroidered with the same material, and confined by a splendid golden clasp. Like the Turkish women, they dye their finger nails red, and they seldom go out unveiled. The unmarried females are distinguished from the matrons by a high round cap of red cloth, ornamented with Turkish gold and silver coins and polished shells. Bands of coral are wound round the forehead, and the hair, to which great attention is paid, falls behind in long thick plaits, tied at the end by silver cords.

See two or three Tartar damsels in their carriage on an excursion of pleasure—they look the gayest of the gay. At the "sweet waters" of Constantinople, or at Buyukdere, or Scutari, when opportunity offers in the fine season, while the matrons are seated beneath the deep umbrage, smoking their pipes, and drinking in with gusto the vapour which they extract from the fragrant herb, the daughters may be seen swinging—one of the most favourite amusements of the ladies of the East. On their own native steppe they seldom take coffee, preferring to it a sort of tea which is found on the banks of the Don. They do not take this beverage, as we do, with cream and sugar; they mix it with salt, butter and pepper, which they deem much more wholesome.

The madgar, or carriage, which they use on the steppe is, however, a very different affair from the araba which they may hire at Pera or Scutari, not indeed as to facility of locomotion, for being both springless, they are in that respect much the same; but as to outward appearance and form, the araba resembling one of our very old-fashioned covered cabs, gaudily painted, and not unlike those which may still be seen on the stands at Madrid and Naples. The Tartar madgar is just such a vehicle as I very lately had the misfortune to be tumbled about in while travelling through Aragon—a long, narrow car, covered with dried sheepskin, or mats, stretched on a hoop, the wood-work fastened together by means of pegs, not a particle of iron being visible through the entire machine. It is perched on two or four wheels, which turn with the axle, and the wheels, conspire to produce a concert which too seldom (alas!) varies from the grave to the gay during the whole journey. The Tartar madgar is drawn by camels or buffaloes. The wild steppe road furnishes no inns; but every shepherd hut holds for the passer by a store of curds, cream, fresh eggs, water melons, and honey, the latter equal to that of Hymettus, by reason of the thyme scented plants, with which, like Greece, the soil abounds.

The human heart, meet it where we may, is after all a divinely-tuned instrument. There are scarce any nations so savage, in which, for some reason or another generally recognised as sacred, that portion of our internal system does not rejoice in yielding a hospitable reception to the stranger. Throughout the East we uniformly find this reason to be traceable to the story of Abraham entertaining the three travellers, who turned out to be angels. The most roguish Bedouin, who feels no remorse of conscience in stealing all he can lay his hands on outside his tent, yet looks upon the stranger and his equipage as inviolable, the moment they are under the protection of his roof. He has, from his childhood, been accustomed to hear of what occurred in the vale of Mambre, and he fears—or rather let us say, for that is more frequently the fact—he loves the angel in disguise.

I am much disposed to coincide in opinion with those, who derive our purest European races from the Caucasus. There is a tradition amongst the most powerful and ancient of the Circassian tribes—the Nothkaiyi—that their ancestors lived originally beyond the seas. The tradition should probably be reversed; that numbers of their tribe, in the elder days, emigrated to regions beyond the sea, and peopled our western world; for at all events, it is unquestionable that the stream of population has descended from oriental sources. I was certainly much surprised when I first encountered Circassian faces and figures in Constantinople, by a kind of sensation that I had often seen them before. They differ very little from the Minerva or Dian order of beauty which may be frequently observed in England, Portugal, the southern provinces of France, and the Roman states. The Circassian stature is equally tall and graceful; the eyebrows appear to have a bolder curve, and the eyes seem more resplendent; but I fancy that the veil has something to do with this, and that if an elegant Circassian woman were seen at Devonshire House or Almack's, dressed in the English style, she would not be easily distinguished from our Pagets or our Howards.

The Circassian men are remarkably attentive to the preservation of the superiority of their females over the other Caucasian tribes in personal appearance. They (the men) never intermarry with any tribe but their own. They sell their daughters freely to any persons who will buy them at home, or they send them without hesitation to Turkey or Persia to be disposed of to the highest bidder. But they will not allow the race

to be tainted at its source by any mixture of the Calmuck or Turcoman Blood. Hence they have kept up their celebrity for immemorial ages for the delicate, ruddy, and fresh complexion, the oval countenance, the fine forehead, the flowing hair, and the antique statue-like figure by which their females especially bear away the palm of beauty from all the other regions of the earth.

They do not rigidly seclude their women in the harem. The females go about in their villages and fields with unrestrained freedom. It is a peculiar feature in their manners, however, that married persons seldom see each other in the course of the day. They have a feeling that the habit of constant intercourse would be effeminate, and unfavourable to the continuance of that mutual affection, which they think is preserved in stronger odour by a systematic separation during the working-hours of the day. So much is this the case, that the woman, who does not conceal herself from a stranger, will instantly hasten to her own apartment to hide from her husband, if she happen to see him returning home before the usual hour of meeting. Perhaps it is coquetry on her part, to cherish the romance of her antenuptial dreams. Nor can it be denied that those of our English firesides are generally the most prolific of delicious repose, from which the husband is detained by professional duties during hours that intervene between the morning and evening meals. A similar custom existed amongst the Lacedemonians; and Lycurgus, with a view to chase away all effeminacy from his community, thought fit even to enforce the practice by law.

The purity of the Circassian blood, and the European fairness of their complexion, are favoured by the climate and territory which they inhabit. The Caucasus exhibits a vast chain of mountains, the declivities of which are often extremely rugged and precipitous; but they abound in table-lands, or plateaus, which are seen as high as even four and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The table-lands are naturally fertile; they are occupied by villages, orchards, corn-fields, and pastures highly cultivated. The villages, or rather hamlets, are generally concealed behind embankments and clusters of trees—with a view to safety from invasion. So ingeniously are their cottages shaded from the eye, that a stranger would not know that he was in an inhabited country, were it not for the flocks and herds he meets grazing, and the numbers of men and women he may see following their agricultural pursuits. These cottages are of the plainest description: they are partly excavated in the earth, partly built of mud walls, and covered with flat roofs of earth and gravel so firmly beat together, that they are completely impenetrable to rain. In the fine season they spread the carpet and raise the divan on these roofs, and there take their meals and receive their friends. There they place their grain and fruits to dry, and the ample chimney in the centre serves usually as the channel of communication between neighbours; it is, moreover, the only aperture through which the apartments below are lighted. Thus provision is made for warmth in winter, and for refreshing coolness in the heats of summer.

The better order of Circassian habitations, however, rise considerably above the ground, and exhibit windows and verandas, and fronts plastered with a mineral clay, which gives them an air of distinction. Like many houses in the interior of Spain they have no glass frames—nothing, in fact, beyond simple square apertures, which are secured at night by wooden shutters. They have scarcely any furniture within, except a very plain divan, mats on the floor, pillows, and coverlets; but the walls of the common apartment usually display all the pride of the family, being lined with shields, armour, weapons of every kind, housings, and rich bridles. Here the ladies, who probably have been engaged in ploughing or reaping, or making fences all the day, appear in the evening dressed out in gold brocade and silvered muslin, and all the pomp of Circassian costume.

The matron, when dressed for effect, appears in a costly silk robe, open in front, and confined at the waist by a girdle exuberant of silver, muslin trousers of variegated colours, red slippers, a turban composed of a shawl, the ends of which fall in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, completely concealing the hair, a large gossamer veil that nearly envelopes her whole person, and a prodigious variety of massive trinkets, the fashion of which presents memorials of the connexion that once subsisted between those shores and the republics of Genoa and Venice. The dress of the unmarried females scarcely differs from that of the Tartar maidens. They all, of whatever age, wear tight leather corsets, from which they are not relieved until the day of their nuptials.

The Circassian ladies when in doors, employ themselves in embroidery, in which they excel, in spinning wool and flax, making clothes for the family, fabricating mantles from the hair of goats and camels, cushions for the saddle, housings, shoes, and even sheaths for the sword. They shine also in the dairy and culinary departments. Their *skhou*, a species of sour milk, is celebrated. They never use fresh milk, which they consider to be unwholesome; they boil it as soon as it is taken from the cow—when cool they mix it with sugar and a little of the old *skhou*; they then flavour it with a little rose-water, and in a few hours afterwards it becomes thick and fit for use. This preparation preserves the milk from corruption during the hottest weather. It forms a cool and most delicious draught, and may be said to constitute the principal article in the Circassian code. They eat it at breakfast with boiled millet; at noon, and in the evening, with the pilaff of rice or boiled wheat. In winter it is kept in tubs sprinkled with salt, when it forms a consistency almost like cheese. I have lived upon this species of curd for some days while voyaging on the Danube, and found it a very agreeable and salutary food.

It is from such families as those I have just described, that the harems of Turkey and Persia are principally supplied. Their ancient customs sanction the sale of their young females, and every care is taken of their beauty in order to enhance their value. This mode of providing for them is in fact considered the most advantageous, and the most consonant to the feelings of the ladies themselves which they can adopt. Being a remarkably proud people, and retaining the recollections of a chivalrous ancestry, they disdain to intermarry with any of the mountain tribes around them.

The splendid attire, and the wealth with which Circassian women return occasionally to their native hamlets, after having lived abroad for some

years, animate the ambition of the maidens who have not yet stirred from home. They listen with eagerness to the representations they hear of the luxuries to which their beauty would entitle them in distant lands, and their natural spirit of adventure and romance soon determines them as to the course which they should take the moment the opportunity presents itself. It may be asked what great difference is there between a bevy of Circassian girls embarking for Constantinople or Trebizond, with a view to change their condition, and a cabin-full of English young ladies, fresh from the boarding-school, emigrating to India for a similar purpose?

The true Circassian, however, generally prefers selling his daughter at home, if he can there find a suitable consort for her amongst his own tribe, to sending her abroad. A suit of Persian armour, or a number of choice scimitars or curiously inlaid guns, sometimes constitutes the price. Where these articles are not to be obtained, horses, cows, sheep, or the personal services of the suitor for a limited period, are taken in exchange. The price, whatever it may be, having been paid to the father, the bride, arrayed in her best costume, and completely enveloped in a white veil, flowered with silver or gold, is surrendered to a friend of the bridegroom, who conducts her to the place, generally the residence of some relative, where the wedding is to be celebrated. She is there received by the matron of the family, who escorts her to an inner apartment, attended by a sort of priestess. The latter, after walking three times round the nuptial-couch, repeating mystic words in Arabic, and placing at the head, foot, and side of it earthenware vases filled with corn, and having a lighted lamp fixed in the middle, leaves the bride alone. A fire of pine wood blazes on the floor, and it is her duty to keep this fire replenished until the arrival of her lord, by way of guarding the apartment from the entrance of any demon who might be tempted to steal her away. The bridegroom makes his appearance about midnight—cuts open with his poniard the corset which she has hitherto been accustomed to wear, and then the nuptial festival commences. At the dawn, they depart to their future home, and enter into all the cares and enjoyments of wedded life.

The Circassian wives are reputed to be generally characterised by the most moral conduct. When an exception occurs, the husband often satisfies his honour by giving the lady a sound beating. If her irregularities be scandalous, he slits her nose and ears, and sends her home in that mutilated condition to her friends, or sells her as a slave. If he slay her seducer, as sometimes happens, he is arraigned before the tribunal of elders, and fined in an amount sufficient to compensate for the loss of the deceased according to the valuation of his friends.

Throughout Circassia women are treated with great respect. Indeed, their customs are European on this point. The sentiment of gallantry on the part of the young men towards them is generally cherished. They have their serenaders, their chosen knights and minstrels, their love-songs and romances in which they emulate the ardour of the Troubadours. Their most common musical instruments are a two-stringed lyre, and a pipe made of silver or some other metal, or of the large cane that grows abundantly in the marshes near the Kouban. It yields a sound not unlike that of the bag-pipe.

Captain Spencer speaks very highly of the Circassian melodies in his recent interesting work upon that country. He has given some specimens of them, which I would recommend my female readers to add to their musical stores. Like all eastern music, that of Circassia is wild; indeed, to European ears, almost tuneless. It must be taken with its associations, to render it agreeable. You must have listened to it amongst the mountains that gave it birth; you must have the musicians before you, the groups by which they were surrounded, the scenery, the costume; you must have been touched by the sympathies which it kindled amongst those in whose presence you first heard it, before you can justly appreciate an oriental melody.

### CLAIMS AND FATE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Many men of genius have died without their fame, and for their fate we may surely mourn, without calumniating our kind. It was their lot to die. Such was the will of God. Many such have come and gone, ere they knew themselves what they were; their brothers and sisters and friends knew it not; knew it not their fathers and their mothers; nor the village maidens on whose bosoms they laid their dying heads. Many, conscious of their divine flame, and visited by mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have like vernal wild-flowers withered, or been cut down like young trees in the first spring of leaf and blossom. Of this our mortal life what are these but beautiful evanishings! Such was our young Scottish Poet, Michael Bruce—a fine scholar, who taught a little wayside school, and died, a mere lad, of consumption. Loch Leven Castle, where Mary Stuart was imprisoned, looks not more melancholy among the dim waters, for hers than for its Poet's sake! The linnet, in its joy among the yellow broom, sings not more sweetly than did he in his sadness, sitting beside his unopened grave, "one song that will never die," though the dirge but draw now and then a tear from some simple heart!

"Now spring returns—but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

To young Genius to die is often a great gain. The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, drawing sweet sustenance from the stars. But would all these blossoms have been fruit? Many would have formed, but more perhaps dropt in unperceived decay, and the tree which "all eyes that looked on loved," might not have been the pride of the garden. Death could not permit the chance of such disappointment, stepped kindly in, and left the spring dream "sweet but

mournful to the soul," among its half-fancied memories. Such was the fate, perhaps, of Henry Kirke White. His fine moral and intellectual being was not left to pine away neglected, and if in gratitude and ambition, twin-births in that noble heart, he laid down his life for sake of the lore he loved, let us lament the dead with no passionate ejaculations over injustice by none committed, console ourselves with the thought in no ways unkind to his merits, that he died in a mild bright spring that might have been succeeded by no very glorious summer, and that fading away as he did among the tears of the good and great, his memory has been embalmed, not only in his own gentle inspirations, but in the immortal eulogy of Southey. But alas! many thus endowed by nature, "have waged with fortune an unequal war;" and pining away in poverty and disappointment, have died broken-hearted—and been buried—some in unhonoured—some even in unwept graves! And how many have had a far more dismal lot, because their life was not so innocent! The children of misfortune, but of error too, of frailty, vice, and sin. Once gone astray, with much to tempt them on, and no voice, no hand, to draw them back, theirs has been at first a flowery descent to death, but soon sorely beset with thorns lacerating the friendless wretches, till, with shame and remorse their sole attendants, they have tottered into uncoffin'd holes and found peace.

With sorrows and sufferings like these, it would be hardly fair to blame society at large for having little or no sympathy; for they are, in the most affecting cases, borne in silence, and are unknown even to the generous and humane in their own neighbourhood, who might have done something or much to afford encouragement or relief. Nor has Charity always neglected those who so well deserved her open hand, and in their virtuous poverty might, without abatement of honourable pride in themselves, have accepted silent succour to silent distress. Pity that her blessings should be so often intercepted by worthless applicants, on their way, it may be said, to the magnanimous who have not applied at all, but spoken to her heart in a silent language, which was not meant even to express the penury it betrayed. But we shall never believe that dew twice blessed seldom descends, in such a land as ours, on the noble young head that else had sunk like a chance flower in some dark shade, left to wither among weeds. We almost venture to say, that much of such unpitied, because often unsuspected, suffering, cannot be without a change in the moral government of the world.

Nor has Genius a right to claim from Conscience what is due but to Virtue. None who love humanity can wish to speak harshly of its mere frailties or errors—but none who revere morality can allow privileges to its sins. All who sin, suffer, with or without genius; and we are nowhere taught in the New Testament, that remorse in its agony, and penitence in its sorrow, visit men's imaginations only; but whatever way they enter, their rueful dwelling is in the heart. Poets shed no bitter tears than ordinary men; and Fonblanque finely shewed us, in one of his late little essays, clear as wells and deep as tarns, that so far from there being any thing in the constitution of genius naturally kindred either to vice or misery, it is framed of light and love and happiness, and that its sins and sufferings come not from the spirit but from the flesh. Yet is its flesh as firm, and perhaps somewhat finer than that of the common clay, but still it is clay, for all men are dust.

But what if they who, on the ground of genius, claim exemption from our blame, and inclusion within our sympathies, even when seen suffering from their own sins, have no genius at all, but are mere ordinary men, and but for the fumes of some physical excitement, which they mistake for the airs of inspiration, are absolutely stupider than people generally go, and even without any tolerable abilities for alphabetical education. Many such run versifying about, and will not try to settle down into any easy sedentary trade, till getting thirsty through perpetual perspiration, they take to drinking, come to you with subscription-papers for poetry, with a cock in their eye that tells of low tippling-houses, and accepting your half-crown, slander you when melting it in the purling purlieus of their own donkey-browed Parnassus.

Perhaps too much honour, rather than too little, has been shown by this age to mediocre poetry and other works of fiction. A few gleams of genius have given some writers of little worth a considerable reputation; and great waxed the pride of poetasters. But true poetry burst in beauty over the land, and we became intolerant of "false glitter." Fresh sprang its flowers from the "dædal earth," or seemed, they were so surpassingly beautiful, as if spring had indeed descended from heaven, "veiled in a shower of shadowing roses;" and no longer could we suffer young gentlemen and ladies, treading among the profusion, to gather the glorious scatterings, and weaving them into fantastic or even tasteful garlands, to present them to us, as if they had been raised from the seed of their own genius, and entitled therefore "to bear their name in the wild woods." This flower-gathering, pretty pastime though it be, and altogether innocent, fell into disrepute; and then all such florists began to complain of being neglected, or despised, or persecuted, and their friends to lament over their fate, the fate of all genius, "in amorous ditties all a summer's day."

Besides the living poets of highest rank, are there not many whose claims to join the sacred band have been allowed, because their lips, too, have sometimes been touched with a fire from heaven? Second-rate indeed! Aye, well for those who are third, fourth, or fifth rate—knowing where sit Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton. Round about Parnassus run many parallel roads, with "forests of cedar and branching palm" between, overshadowing the sunshine on each magnificent level with a sense of something more sublime still nearer the forked summit; and each band, so that they be not ambitious overmuch, in their own region may wander or repose in grateful bliss. Thousands look up with envy from "the low-lying fields of the beautiful land" immediately without the line that goes wavily asweep round the base of the holy mountain, separating it from the common earth. What clamour and what din from the excluded crowd! Many are heard there to whom nature has been kind, but they have not yet learned "to know themselves," or they would retire, but not afar off, and in silence adore. And so they do ere long, and are happy in the sight of



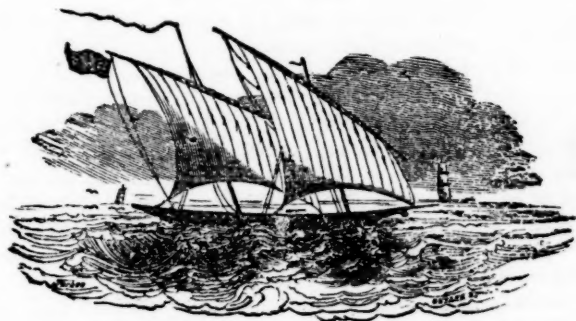
"the beauty still more beautiful" revealed to their fine perceptions, though to them was not given the faculty that by combining in spiritual passion creates. But what has thither brought the self-deceived, who will not be convinced of their delusion, even were Homer or Milton's very self to frown on them with eyes no longer dim, but angry in their brightness like lowering stars?

Let none of the sons or daughters of genius hearken to such outcry but with contempt—and at all times with suspicion, when they find themselves the objects of such lamentations. The world is not—at least does not wish to be an unkind, ungenerous, and unjust world. Many who think themselves neglected, are far more thought of than they suppose; just as many who imagine the world ringing with their name, are in the world's ears nearly anonymous. Only one edition or two of your poems have sold—but is it not pretty well that five hundred or a thousand copies have been read, or glanced over, or looked at, or skimmed, or skipped, or fondled, or petted, or tossed aside, "between malice and true love," by ten times that number of your fellow-creatures, not one of whom ever saw your face; while many millions of men, nearly your equals, and not a few millions your superiors far, have contentedly dropt into the grave, at the close of a long life, without having once "invoked the Muse," and who would have laughed in your face, had you talked to them, even in their greatest glee, about their genius?

There is a glen in the Highlands (dearly beloved Southrons, call on us on your way through Edinburgh, and we shall delight to instruct you how to walk our mountains) called Glencro—very unlike Glenco. A good road winds up the steep ascent, and at the summit there is a stone-seat, on which you read "*Rest and be thankful.*" You do so—and are not a little proud—if pedestrians—of your achievement. Looking up you see cliffs high above your head, (not the Cobbler,) and in the clear sky, as far above them, a balanced Bird. You envy him his seemingly motionless wings, and wonder at his air-supporters. Down he darts, or aside he shoots, or right up he soars, and you wish you were an Eagle. You have reached Rest-and-be-thankful, yet rest you will not, and thankful you will not be, and you scorn the mean inscription, which many a worthier wayfarer has blessed, while sitting on that stone he has said "give us this day our daily bread," eat his crust, and then walked away contented down to Cairndow.

Just so has it been with you sitting at your appointed place—pretty high up—on the road to the summit of the Biforked Hill. You look up and see Byron—there "sitting where you may not soar,"—and wish you were a great Poet. But you are no more a great Poet than an Eagle eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip—and will not rest-and-be-thankful that you are a man and a Christian. Nay, you are more, an author of no mean repute; and your prose is allowed to be excellent. But you are sick of walking, and nothing will satisfy you but to fly. Be contented, as we are, with feet, and weep not for wings; and let us take comfort together from a cheering quotation from the philosophic Gray—

"For they that creep and they that fly,  
Just end where they began!"



## THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

### "LET MISCHANCE BE A SLAVE TO PATIENCE."

After watching the winds,—scanning the appearance of the heavens, and counselling with the weather-wise, we are getting apprehensive that old father Neptune has either fallen asleep or commissioned the keeper of his pent up winds to let them loose, and to scatter all approaching ships, or submerge them in the deep. How else can we account for the long-lingering delay of the expected Packets. Singularly enough, a transient vessel came in on Thursday, bringing Liverpool dates of the 4th ultimo, and London papers of the 3d.

Our letters, Magazines, and papers, were doubtless dispatched by the Packet of the first, which is still presumed to be making its devious way through the repelling waves.

Since our last number we have heard of the Liverpool having been compelled on her voyage home, to run down to the Western Isles for a supply of coal, thus retarding her arrival in England till about the 12th of January. She therefore did not leave England on the 20th as has been anticipated.

There can be but little doubt of there being a whole fleet of Packets

not far out, and we shall not be surprised to see them coming into our Bay like an Armada. In these days of steamers and fast sailing ships this untoward delay has been wholly unexpected, but there is one consideration which should cheer all lovers of news,—whenever the packets do arrive they will bring a rich freight of everything that can contribute to the pleasure of our readers.

The following is a summary of the intelligence brought by the Tarolinta, which, though meagre in its details is in a commercial view very encouraging.

It is deemed a great feature that the Cotton Market should not have declined as had been apprehended, but had even advanced a little.

The Money Market was easier, and the rate of interest reduced. The trial of the famous Chartist Frost had commenced in Wales, but so apprehensive was the Government of further disturbances, that a Regiment of troops had been ordered from Ireland, and had already arrived in Bristol. Whatever this movement may indicate as regards England, it certainly tells well for the tranquillity of Ireland.

We find nothing relative to the Queen's marriage, or the day on which it would take place. Some of the papers are amusing themselves with discussions on the religious tenets of Prince Albert. We imagine they will be found of the most approved and orthodox stamp.

There were rumours of certain Ministerial changes in England, but nothing certain had transpired.

The mother of Lord Brougham died on the 31st of December at Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, in the 87th year of her age.

Nothing in the shape of news from Paris or Madrid.

**TURKEY AND EGYPT.**—Letters from Constantinople, of the 4th inst., have been received. An extraordinary sensation prevailed in the diplomatic circles of that city, in consequence of a revelation made by M. Avediek, the Armenian interpreter of the Capitan Pacha, who having escaped from Alexandria, arrived a few days previously at Pera. M. Avediek informed the Divan and the Ambassadors that the Capitan Pacha in betraying the Turkish fleet to Mehemet Ali, acted by the advice, and with the entire concurrence of the French Admiral Lalande; and that in fact, it was the French Admiral who first suggested the measure, and who had actually planned it with the Rear Admiral Osman Pacha before communicating with the Capitan Pacha.

### THE SCARCITY OF NEW BOOKS.

To the literary man and the general reader, nothing evidences the severity of times more clearly than the utter stagnation in the book market, and the scarcity of new works. The few that do appear from time to time, are either backed by the powerful name of some very popular writer to ensure their sale, or are small duodecimos, afforded at the least possible price. The splendid editions of standard works, which once found so ready a sale throughout the country, are no longer forthcoming, and we look in vain for those voluminous writings, embracing history, biography, and the sciences, which for years past distinguished the enterprise of the publishers in this city. It cannot be supposed that professional authors have thrown aside their pens for better times—nor that the poet has hung his harp upon the willows—nor the novelist abandoned his tale of romance. The busy brain of man will not remain idle, even amid cares the most corroding, and we look forward to a brighter day when it shall appear that these months of gloom and despair have been employed by the learned and the gifted, in preparing for the admiration and instruction of mankind, works of never dying interest.

Our foreign literary papers tell us that this lethargy in the book market is by no means confined to us. In England and France the same inaction seems to exist, though not to the same degree. In those countries it is attributed more to the overstocking of the market for a few years past by the enormous speculations of the trade, than to any embarrassments of commerce. Here, however, the cause of languishment is most obvious, and will not probably be removed until the dawn of prosperity breaks upon our country, dispersing the shadows of distress and thus affording the means and the leisure of again indulging in the intellectual enjoyments of a refined people. There is one consolation however even in these times, and that is, that at no period for many years, could a library be purchased for any thing like the same money. Let those, whose means are unaffected by the fluctuations of trade—if such there be—improve the auspicious moment and provide themselves with a luxury that time can only improve.

**THE CITY PRISON.**—If but one tithe of the charges, openly made in respectable papers against the management of this abode of misery, be true, there are no terms strong enough to express the indignation which every man must feel towards the authors of such inhuman cruelty. The Courier and Enquirer reports a case of wanton neglect, recently exhibited towards a young female committed on charge of larceny, that makes one's blood freeze with horror, and cannot be overlooked by the proper authorities.

**THE BLOOD HOUNDS.**—Did the Indians of Florida read the newspapers, or hear all the sympathy that has been expressed for their anticipated sufferings, whenever the blood hounds shall be employed to trace them to their coverts, we imagine they would smile in derision at the white man for supposing they could be greatly injured by an animal that can so easily become the victim of their unerring aim, or in case of absolute conflict, could so instantly be dispatched with the knife. There is something surely very terrific and most barbarous in the idea of an army of dogs let loose among a tribe of defenceless women and children, but we do not see any parallel between this and the employment of a dozen or twenty muzzled dogs to guide our soldiers in following the trail of remorseless savages whose hands are reeking with the blood of peaceful citizens, and of whole families who have been cruelly butchered at their own hearth stones. After three years of vigorous warfare it is found impossible to detect the lurking places of the wily savages amid their broad savannahs, and therefore it is not astonishing that some untried means should be resorted to with a view of accomplishing that object; and thus put an end to an inglorious war, in which there has been already such an expenditure of life and treasure. We have but slender confidence in the success of this experiment of using dogs for guides, but we hardly imagine there is so much barbarity evinced in the use of them as would account for all the sympathy that has been poured out in behalf of the Indian warriors of Florida. To politicians the matter seems as clear as a sunbeam— one party approving the measure, the other horror struck at the thought of it. Not participating ourselves in the use of those political optics which afford such clearness of vision, we may be labouring unconsciously under the disadvantages of obfuscated organs; still we confess, that so far as we can see into this much mooted question, we do not find all the horrors that others so clearly discern and so loudly lament.

**TEXAS.**—We are glad to learn that General Felix Huston has been elected Major General of the Militia by a large majority. This gentleman distinguished himself in the Revolutionary War of that country as a gallant and efficient officer, but we believe is in no way connected with the Ex-President.

Property was selling well at Galveston, and the whole country was getting on prosperously by the last accounts. General Demyse having discovered the bones of a Mastodon near the Colorado, had succeeded in disinterring nearly the entire skeleton, thus demonstrating the former existence of this animal in all latitudes south of the Great Lakes.

#### THE BOSTON LIBEL SUITS.

Our Eastern papers abound in notices of various libel suits that have been instituted against editors in that quarter, for having written this or that in relation to certain public performances and performers not exactly suited to the taste of the individuals alluded to. We have never been able to get at the root of the matter sufficiently to understand what the high and mighty offence really was, that so roused the ire of the plaintiffs, but in old Gotham he would be deemed a very thin-skinned individual who would wince at anything short of a charge of perjury or murder; and as for bringing an action against an editor to recover \$10,000 damages, the thing would be hooted at as preposterous: there has scarcely been that sum in any of our editors' coffers this many a long day—Make it shillings and it would vex most of us sorely—make it pennies and we might fork it out, but then we should have to go without our dinners. We hope, however, the case is different with our more fortunate Eastern contemporaries, and that they are ready to plank the tin the moment a jury decides that they have no right to promulgate their opinions, and mulcts them to the tune of \$10,000 for a little tea-table talk on the merits or demerits of some "noli me tangere" of a star performer.

**THE CONCERT** by Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson on Tuesday evening was, we are sorry to say, thinly attended in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. They who ventured out, however, were richly rewarded and are loud in their praises of the evening's entertainment. A second concert was given last night and we trust with better success.

It is currently reported that these popular artists are engaged at the Park, and that several novelties will be produced during their engagement.

**NEW HOTEL IN BROADWAY.**—"The time will soon arrive," said an old gentleman to us the other day, "When all the lower part of Broadway, will be entirely built up with Hotels and boarding houses." In corroboration of our friend's remark, there has just been completed, on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, one of the largest Hotels in this country. It will be opened on the 2d of March by Mr. Howard, the well known proprietor of the Exchange Hotel in Broad Street, and from its advantageous location as well as the popularity of its experienced conductor, there can be no doubt of its obtaining a fair portion of the public patronage.

**THE APOLLO GALLERY.**—The object designed, in renewing the exhibition of paintings in this Gallery, is so commendable that every lover and friend of the art, must be gratified to learn that the present collection embraces many of the best paintings in our city. It is not intended merely to be a museum of pictures, but to afford a suitable place to our native artists to exhibit their paintings, and to effect sales of such as they may feel disposed to part with. In order to render the Gallery attractive, many gentlemen have contributed pictures from their private collections, which, added to the constantly increasing specimens of native productions, gives to this exhibition peculiar claims on the patronage of those who take an interest in the advancement of painting in our country.

**PICTURES BY THE DAGUERRETYPE.**—No sooner has the exhibit'ion of the magnificent drawings obtained by Daguerre been made, and the process explained, than one of our citizens has constructed an instrument with which he has been enabled to produce a picture quite as remarkable for strength and distinctness as the most perfect specimens yet exhibited. Mr. Morse is the gentleman who has made the successful experiment. His drawing represents the front of the City Hall.

We take shame to ourselves that we have not oftener commended the productions of this wonderful art to our readers. We never saw any thing in the shape of an engraving so beautiful and complete as the splendid pictures produced by the Daguerreotype, and now exhibited in Chamber street. We imagined they were feeble and indistinct outlines of the objects represented, but our error was instantly corrected on viewing the unapproachable perfection of the miraculous pictures. No one can neglect visiting the exhibition of these productions without denying himself a most grateful pleasure.

#### A TALE OF LOMBARDY.

On an abrupt cliff that rises on the Western shore of the Lago Maggiore, at the close of the 14th century stood a Castle whose picturesque ruins, at the present day, tell of its former strength. It belonged to the powerful family of the Visconti, whose vast possessions in Lombardy included this beautiful lake, and were restrained in their rapid extension only by the Alpine barrier on the North.

It was sunset. A storm had just swept over the hills, ruffling in its passage the tranquil bosom of the lake, but giving a stern beauty more in unison with the sublime scenery around. As the clouds dispersed before the gentle western breeze, a brilliant rainbow spanned the waters from North to South, one end bathing in hues of purple and gold the base of those stupendous mountains, whose snowy summits blushed with the last kisses of the sun, and the other, resting in glory on the rich meadows and gentle slopes that meet the eye at the southern extremity of the lake.

It was the "bow of promise" to the world!—The sign of repose and peace to man! But little of good omen could the gentle Ladye Beatrice draw from it, as she sat sorrowing in her lonely tower. The beautiful scene met her cold gaze, but sank not into her soul, for it was heavy with untold woes. The bow of God faded on her sight, like her own brief dream of happy love—the Glaciers lost their rosy tints and looked like the ghastly spectres of departed, regretted joys—the twilight deepened into night, and the stars came out one by one like beacons, to point the soul to its only lasting repose, and still the Ladye sat gazing into the future, the tears falling from her beautiful eyes that rivalled those stars in their soft lustre. She was an orphan, and friendless on earth—a captive in the power of one, who, by the ties of blood, should have cherished her, but who had made her lonely path on earth, sorrowful in the extreme.

Of the many families who in the 13th and 14th centuries held sway in Italy, none rose to such power as the Visconti, Lords of Milan. One character seems to have marked their race. With few exceptions, they were dark, subtle, relentless in purpose, defying alike God and man in their ambitious career, and possessing an hereditary talent in war that rendered them ever invincible. With these qualities they soon succeeded in reducing to their yoke most of the small states around them. They intermarried with the royal families of France and England; their intrigues extended throughout Italy; every tyrant was under their protection, and every Free Company in their pay, until at length all Lombardy was divided among their family. In 1380 these rich possessions were united by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who threw into prison his uncle Barnabas, with his sons, and poisoned them to secure to himself the undivided sovereignty.

The Lady Beatrice was their orphan survivor. She also had fallen into the power of Galeazzo, who remembering her claims, and the interest excited in the minds of his subjects by the fate of her father and gallant brothers, sought, by an alliance with her, to strengthen himself in his usurped power. It may be, too, that to quiet the reproaches of his conscience, and allay some superstitious fears, he sought to raise her to the throne of her fathers; or her exquisite beauty may have moved his dark soul, in which, however, love ever yielded to ambition. But she listened



with horror to his proposals, and the evident shrinking aversion which she discovered in his presence, awoke in the breast of the tyrant a burning desire for revenge, ever struggling with passion.

Embittered as her life was by these trials, she was inclined to seek shelter and repose in a cloister, and lay her griefs at the foot of the cross, but there was one magnet in the Court of her cousin, that chained her to it, and weakened her resolution, making her more willing to endure his persecutions than to retire and place an impassable barrier between herself and the object of her youthful adoration.

Young, beautiful, equally gifted in mind as person, passionately addicted to the study of the literature, which was then beginning by its gentle influence to dispel the barbarism of that age of iron, and highly accomplished in all the martial exercises of that period, Uberto, Marquis of Montferrat was pre-eminently distinguished above the young nobles who thronged the Court of Galeazzo Visconti. Early left an orphan, he had been placed at the Court of Milan as the fittest school in Italy for an accomplished soldier, while his extensive estates were governed by Galeazzo as his guardian.

A passion for military fame had been predominant in his heart, and he had pined to wreath his young brows with laurels, and add to the glories of his illustrious race. Visions of a deathless name, won by an early grave on the sands of Palestine, filled his ardent mind, for his heart burnt with the deep religious enthusiasm that animated the early crusaders. Like the gallant Tancred he could have refused a crown, boasting that his only possession was his sword, his only earthly ambition the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. But those days had past. The civil wars that for so many years desolated Lombardy, had stilled the throb of religious zeal in warrior hearts! Men weighed the plains of Palestine, sanctified by the blood of Saints and Martyrs, against the treasures of Italy, and Jerusalem was left to weep under the yoke of the Infidel.

Thus restless had been the young Marquis, as Europe offered no field for his ambition, when the Star of Beauty, the Lady Beatrice, was suddenly presented at court. From that moment her presence was world enough for his wild heart! The circle irradiated by her smile, was the limit of his wishes! To be at her side, and guide her spirited palfrey on hawking or hunting parties; to bear her colours triumphantly in the lists; to touch her hand in the graceful saraband; or sit at her feet and drink in the gushing melody of her melting tones, as she sang of love faithful unto death—this was enough of glory for him; or if he still dreamt of fame, it was to offer its wreaths at the shrine of his divinity.

And was the gentle heart of the lady unmoved by this homage from the brave and beautiful? Was not her blush deepest, and her tone softest when he was near? Were not the plumes that shadow'd his lofty brow, and the richly embroidered scarf that graced his armour, the shade of her own violet eyes and the gift of her own fair hand? Yes, that adoration was the food on which her gentle spirit lived, the support of her bereaved and sorrowing heart; and for a while under the spell of this absorbing passion, she fondly fancied that her path so early shadow'd, was at length to be lighted by a ray of joy.

But the dark frown of Galeazzo was on their loves. Absorbed for a while in politics and bloody intrigues, he had absented him from his court, and watched less closely his destined bride; and when he returned and announced his intention to make her his without farther delay, her increased horror and aversion towards the murderer of her parent, convinced him of that which spies had already whispered, that another had dared to steal those affections he had resolved to win. His first act was to remove his rival. Masking his dark intentions under the smile of continued friendship, he offered to the young Marquis the command of a secret and perilous expedition whose very danger prevented his declining it. Closely watched, the lovers could find no opportunity to meet and communicate their mutual fears. Expedition and secrecy were urged to the reluctant Uberto, and the Lady Beatrice was confined to her bower and reported ill.

Dark were the forebodings that fell on her heart, as from her lattice she watched the gallant form of her lover, heading his brave band to danger and perhaps death! Bitterly did she weep as she beheld the last wave of his plume, and felt herself deprived of his protection. She caught the last fond, earnest gaze, he turned towards her casement, and then on bended knee she commended herself and him to the protection of the Madonna.

Love has stratagems, however, that will foil a tyrant! That evening as her tears were still hanging like dew-drops on her long silken lashes, her favorite page knelt at her feet, and gave her a token that brought a momentary joy to her sad heart—it was a golden reliquary she had seen cherished by her lover, and bore the motto "strong in faith." "And he bade the virgin keep thee!" so whispered the page, "and said if thou, the lady of his love, should'st be in danger, send but that token to him, and from any distance he would fly to thine aid."

From the period of the Marquis' departure, the persecutions of Visconti were redoubled. Prayers, menaces, the fascinations of pleasure, the dread

of dishonor, were tried in turn; his spies were ever around her path; her faithful page was separated from her side; no tidings reached her of her lover! Her heart failed, and once more she entreated that a convent might hide her griefs. But her rejection of himself and avowed preference for another, stung the haughty soul of Galeazzo, and but for policy he would instantly have shed her blood. The sacrifice of her happiness was more firmly resolved on however, and thinking that some adherents of her father, might be about his court, unknown to him, to support her courage, she was removed secretly at night from Milan, and carried to a lone Castle on the Lago Maggiore, where she was surrounded by his myrmidons, ready and willing at any moment to execute his commands.

Here, where we first presented her to our readers, for weeks she had lived in an unbroken solitude that fed her despair! The anxiety of her heart almost unsettled her reason, and hour after hour did she pass in gazing upon her cherished token, until the horrid thought of Uberto's infidelity began to prey upon her mind. "Could he have returned, and would he not seek her at any risk?" And she recalled the sweet vows that he had breathed in her ear, and that had brushed for a while with the rosy pinion of young love, the clouds of sorrow from her gentle heart. No! the doubt is rejected! he is her own again, and she is "strong in faith."

At this time a change was wrought in her destiny by unforeseen circumstances. The Duke of Mantua arrived at the Court of Galeazzo, with whom he was deeply involved in the dark intrigues of that day. Visconti feared the increasing strength of the Guelphs, and dreaded the denunciations of the Church; not possessing the firmness of his predecessor, who compelled the Holy Legate to swallow the bull of excommunication with its leaden seal and silken strings. The republic of Florence still preserved its liberty against all his attempts;—an alliance with Mantua was necessary to his strength and safety, and he seemed on the point of abandoning his party and throwing himself into the arms of the Guelphic faction. Galeazzo felt the necessity of securing him at any sacrifice, and the Duke named his price—he had seen and loved the fair and unhappy Lady Beatrice, and the result of this dark council was the sealing of her fate. Galeazzo yielded her to another, still nursing in his heart the hope of vengeance for her scorn.

Vain were her prayers, her remonstrances, her appeals to the honour of the Duke. Vainly in the hour of terror did she clasp her reliquary to her heart, and look to earth and Heaven for aid. The last blow which Galeazzo reserved for her, was a circumstantial account of a brilliant engagement in which her lover had fallen in the moment of victory—his last words had been of her! and with his dying breath he had sent her as a pledge of his truth the scarf that had been her cherished gift. Hope died in her heart at this new stroke of fate! She yielded to the storm, and in the stupor of despair she was borne from that stern Castle the bride of Mantua!

Months passed, and still she lived on, though fearfully changed. Sorrow had palsied her young heart! The light had fled from her eye, and the smile from her lip! An unchanging indifference marked her demeanor to her ruthless lord, and to all around, she moved not as one of this world amid the gay scenes of her court.

Late one night, as retiring from her courtly circle, she threw aside the jewelled tiara that pressed like a crown of thorns upon her brow, she sought the retirement of her bower, and leaned from the casement to inhale the rich incense the jasmin and orange buds were offering to Heaven, and court the cool breeze to her fevered brain. The moonlight fell still and cold upon her marble features, and fixed, tearless, despairing eye. Her dark locks, heavy with the dews of night, fell like a veil around her; and close, close to her heart was clasped her golden reliquary. The thought of her early sorrows and blighted hopes was like the hand of death to her chilled heart! The spirits of the loved and lost seemed around her, bending from their cloudy chambers to hold communion with her soul, and wild and earnest were her prayers to rejoin them!

Suddenly a strain of heavenly music broke upon the stillness of the hour; it was the faint prelude to an air that she had loved in the few short hours of her happiness, and known only to herself and the regretted one.

"Is it from Heaven he breathes his unchanged love?"

She leans forward, listening breathlessly. Ah, no! a voice that finds its echo in the deepest recesses of her heart, a voice of life and health sings beneath her lattice the well loved strain. With a wild scream the Duchess rushed to the balcony, and looked with a frenzied gaze into the shade of the bosquet beneath. Nothing met her eye but masses of moonlight and the dense shadows thrown on the green sward by the giant trees. Listening only to the wild pleadings of her heart she threw a veil around her, and descended by a private way to the gardens.

Here for a moment she thought herself still in solitude, but advancing farther into the shade of a cypress grove, through which the night wind was gently sighing, she beheld a dark shrouded figure, whose noble pro-

portions caused an indefinable sensation of terror and delight to thrill through her frame. As her fond heart anticipated, it was the form of Uberto.

In the intense delight of that meeting she recollected only her agony of sorrow at his loss—she felt only the rapture of his return—no thought of the lately formed tie which had separated them more cruelly than the grave, disturbed her peace. Gazing into those deep eyes, and listening to those passionate tones she had thought would never charm her soul again, she heard from his lips the story of their wrongs. That after a successful enterprise he had been wounded by an unseen arm, and thrown into a dungeon, where when his spirit was faint with suffering, the thought of his Lady's love strengthened his soul and nerved it to endure. After languishing for months, he bribed his guard, who escaped with him, and he then learnt the secret enmity of Visconti, and the loss of the Lady Beatrice. With the caprice of misery he thought never more to meet one who could so easily forget him; but he had sought her court, followed her footsteps in the evening masque, and could not deny himself the sad pleasure of lingering around her bower, and breathing in melancholy strains his reproaches. The result had been unforeseen; but his heart was half lightened of its load of sorrow to find his Lady true to her faith, though both were the victims of treachery, and she was lost to him for ever.

From that time there was a marked change in the manner of the Duchess which did not escape the jealous eye of her Lord. Her cold passionless demeanour was exchanged for a feverish excitement, a restless suspicion! the ever changing cheek, the unquiet flashing eye, showed a heart more agonized than ever. The Marquis of Montferrat had appeared at the court, suffering as he said from wounds and long imprisonment in the power of some foe. He was graciously welcomed by the Duke of Mantua as honouring his castle by his presence, but the demeanour of the Duchess was even cold and distant to their distinguished guest. No interview had followed the discovery of that night. She had entreated his instant departure, expressing the danger they would both incur should he remain. He listened, but unable to tear himself forever from the presence of that beloved object, he lingered still. She feared even the weakness of her own heart, and even avoided him—for though her earthly happiness was forever blighted, she would not risk her reward in Heaven, which by the fainter throbs of her struggling heart she deemed not far distant. But her purity could not save her! The net was closing around her!

It was for this moment that Galeazzo had waited with a fiend-like eagerness, to wreak his long cherished revenge. He sought the Court of Mantua and to the ear of the astonished Duke confided the secret of his Lady's love;—letters were forged and hidden in her chamber;—and when his jealous rage was excited, the tempter whispered that they had not loved in all innocence, and that the Duke's honour was a by-word and a jest to all men. To prove the truth of these assertions he hinted at letters that were treasured by the Lady in a secret cabinet, well remembered by the Duke. Her chamber was searched, and the letters discovered, proving her guilt but too plainly to the excited temper of her lord. She and the Marquis were instantly seized and closely imprisoned. A Court hastily summoned and bribed by Galeazzo judged and condemned them both. Vainly did the lady pray, not for life—for what had the world to offer!—but that her fair fame should rest unsullied. The remonstrances of the Marquis and his protestations of her spotless innocence, were unavailing to change the fearful purpose of the Duke and remove from his soul the deep sense of dishonour. Remanded to her prison, but brief space was allowed to reconcile her shrinking soul to the sudden and awful change. At midnight, in silence and fearful haste, the innocent victim of perfidy was led to the inner court of the castle, and that beautiful head bowed to the axe of the executioner. The hand that guided her trembling steps to the altar, and the eyes that gloated on the sacrifice and disturbed the soul in its last earthly communion with God, were those of Galeazzo Visconti.

For some time Montferrat remained a prisoner, secured by his rank and power from the open vengeance of the Duke. But what would liberty be to him! His soul was darkened! the light of his life was quenched! and he was doomed to pursue his weary pilgrimage to the grave without one smile of love to cheer the way.

The vengeance of Heaven soon arrested the guilty course of Visconti. He fell a victim to the plague which desolated Italy, and on his death-bed confessed this atrocious plot. Amid the horrors of an accusing conscience this crime rose darkest on his mental vision, and in that last dread hour his victims were avenged!

**THE BRILLIANT WEATHER.**—Since Wednesday the change in the atmosphere has been quite unprecedented at this season. From cold, freezing winds it has moderated to the most mild and balmy zephyrs—with a bright sun kindling up the gay dresses and brilliant costumes of the thousand promenaders in Broadway, and reminding us that winter is fast

lapsing into spring, which, by the indwellers of Gotham, is claimed as the most delicious season of the year. The Rivers are fast melting away the chains of Winter, and steamboats are beginning to ply in all directions. Insulated as New York is during the winter months, any indications of Spring are received as the glad harbingers of returning activity in our business marts, and always awaken our citizens from the gloom of winter to a grateful enjoyment of the "garish sun."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**ROMANCE OF TRAVEL, containing TALES OF FIVE LANDS**, by N. P. Willis, has just been published in one volume by S. Colman. This volume includes all those tales which have been so much admired in the columns of the Mirror, and are now offered to the public in a form better suited to their preservation. It may not become us to express our appreciation of the merits of these stories, founded on the author's recollections of travel, but there can be no impropriety in commending them to the attention of those who have hitherto found much to admire in his writings, and which they would gladly possess.

**BIOGRAPHY OF GEN. HARRISON.**—Since the nomination of this gentleman for the Presidency, a new biography has been written of him with the title of "The Life and Times of William Henry Harrison" by S. J. Burr. It is embellished with a steel portrait by Dick, and seems to have been written in the spirit of candour, and in a plain, clear style, recounting all the services both civil and military of the distinguished man who now stands before his countrymen as a candidate for the highest honours of the Republic.

**THE CAPTIVITY OF BABYLON AND OTHER POEMS**, by the Rev. J. H. Clinch—for sale at Wiley and Putnams. This is a narrative poem of more than one hundred stanzas, recounting in solemn verse the sufferings of the "chosen people" during their captivity in the Queen city of the World. Some of the descriptions of oriental magnificence are worthy of the theme, though we cannot pronounce the entire poem equal to the subject. The author seems to lack the power of constructing his verse in accordance with poetic harmony, and there is often a homeliness of expression that does not impart dignity to the composition. The same may be said of the minor Poems, yet throughout the volume there breathes the spirit of true religion, which will commend it to the serious and devotional.

**COUNT JULIAN, a Tragedy**, by G. H. Calvert.—This is one of those medium productions which may perhaps, be read with pleasure by the author's friends, as indicating the possession of the talent of invention and some dramatic power, but it will hardly endure a comparison with those emanations of genius which we have been accustomed to regard as models.

#### The Theatre.

##### THE PARK.

After many days and weeks of most unprofitable business at this house, we are pleased to record the success that has awaited the production of Donizetti's comic, pastoral opera of the Love Spell. Madame Caradori first introduced this opera to us, but she was so inefficiently supported that it did not produce that impression which might have been expected from its intrinsic merits. The finished style in which it was performed on Monday and Tuesday evenings, gave to it all the charm of a new production. The orchestra was in excellent training, and the chorus perfect and effective.

"The great business" devolved on Miss Poole, Manvers, and Giubelei. This young lady had already become a great favourite with the frequenters of the Park, and the even, spirited and finished manner in which she executed her music throughout this opera, has added fresh laurels to those already acquired. On each night that the opera has been performed many of her songs have been encored with much enthusiasm, and we greatly mistake the indications of satisfaction which her music created if she does not shortly excite quite as much admiration as any singer among us. We will venture to suggest that a little more action and gaiety would enhance her attractiveness, and is required by the character she desires to represent. A village coquette with a pretty face and a few acres, may be pardoned for almost any exuberant display of wayward fancies, and would certainly be deemed an unnatural prude, or a dolt, did she refrain from indulging them;—therefore it is, that the author has endeavoured to express the wanton freaks of girlhood, and so many different phases of passion in one character, and as we think, most successfully. A slight addition of buoyancy and liveliness would enable Miss Poole fully to realize the intention of her author. Mr. Manvers is deserving of all the applause which his singing elicited. He indeed sung most admirably, and acted his character with much simplicity and grace. We did not think the Music afforded Giubelei scope and verge enough for the full display of his fine



voice, but we do not know how any one could have made more of it.—Mr. Martyn seemed to be under a cloud, and did not get his voice into full play. It may have been so set down in the Opera—if so, we are sorry for it, for this gentleman certainly is capable of doing justice to better and more difficult music.

On the whole then, the Love Spell may be pronounced a successful Opera at the Park, and we hope it will be repeated until its sweet harmonies become as familiar as household words.

### THE HEROINES OF WAVERLY.

BY L. E. L.

Prose fiction was at its lowest ebb when Waverly appeared. Scott gives in his preface a most amusing picture of the supply then in the market: a castle was no castle without a ghost, or at least what seemed one till the last chapter, and the heroine was a less actual creation than the harp which ever accompanied her. These heroines were always faultless: the heroes were divided into two classes; either as perfect as their impossible mistresses, or else rakes who were reformed in the desperate extremity of a third volume. Waverly must have taken the populace of novel readers quite by surprise: there is in its pages the germ of every excellence, afterwards so fully developed—the description, like a painting; the skill in giving the quaint and peculiar in character; the dramatic narrative; and above all, that tone of romance before unknown to English prose literature.

Excepting, therefore, the impassioned Italian of Sir Charles Grandison, Flora M'Ivor is the first female character of our novels in which poetry is the basis of the composition. She was all Clementina wants; picturesque accessories, and the strong moral purpose. Generally speaking, the mind of a woman is developed by the heart; the being is incomplete till love brings out either its strength or its weakness. This is not the case with the beautiful Highlander; and Scott is the first who has drawn a heroine, and put the usual master-passion aside. We believe few women go down to the grave without at some time or other feeling the full force of the affections. Flora, had not her career been cut short in the very fulness of its flower, would have loved, loved with all the force of a character formed before it loved. Scott's picture, is at the time when she is introduced, as full of truth as of beauty. The strong mind has less immediate need of an object than the weak one. Rose Bradwardine falls in love at once, compelled by "the sweet necessity of loving." Flora M'Ivor feels no such necessity; her imagination is occupied; her on-lookings to the future, excited by the fortunes of the ill-fated House to which her best sympathies and most earnest hopes are given. The House of Stuart has at once her sense of justice and of generosity on its side; it is connected with the legends of her earliest years; she is impelled towards it with true female adherence to the unfortunate. Moreover, her affections have already an object in her brother. There is no attachment stronger, more unselfish, than the love between brother and sister, thrown on the world orphans at an early age, with none to love them save each other. They feel how much they stand alone, and this draws them more together. Constant intercourse has given that perfect understanding which only familiarity can do; hopes, interests, sorrows, are alike in common. Each is to either a source of pride; it is the tenderness of love without its fears, and the confidence of marriage, without its graver and more anxious character. The fresh impulses of youth are all warm about the heart.

It would have been an impossibility for Flora to have attached herself to Edward Waverley. A woman must look up to love; she may deceive herself, but she must devotedly believe in the superiority of her lover. With one so constituted as Flora—proud, high-minded, with that tendency to idealise inseparable from the imagination, Flora must have admired before she could have loved. The object of her attachment must have had something to mark him out from "the undistinguishable many." Now, Edward Waverley is just like nine-tenths of our acquaintance, or at least what they seem to us—pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanlike, but without one atom of the picturesque or the poetical about them. Flora is rather the idol of his imagination than of his heart, and it might well be made a question whether he be most in love with the rocky torrent, the Highland harp, the Gaelic ballad, or the lovely singer. They would have been unhappy had they married. Flora's decision of temper would have deepened into harshness, when placed in the unnatural position of exercising it for a husband; while Edward would have had too much quickness of perception not to know the influence to which he submitted—he would have been mortified even while too indolent to resist. Respect and reserve would have become their household deities; and where these alone reign, the hearth is but cold.

Rose Bradwardine is just the ideal of a girl—simple, affectionate, ready to please and to be pleased—likely to be formed by her associates, ill-fitted to be placed in difficult situations; but whose sweet and kindly nature is brought out by happiness and sunshine. She would be content to gaze on the plans her husband drew for "ornamental grottoes and temples," and, content that they were his, ask not if his talents did not need a more useful range and a higher purpose. Rose would have kept her husband for ever at Waverley. Honour—Flora would have held

"Shame to the coward thought that ere betrayed  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade."

But alas! to such—the decided and the daring—Fate deals a terrible measure of retribution. I know nothing in the whole range of fiction—that fiction whose truth is life—so deeply affecting as "Flora in a large gloomy apartment, seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel." It is the shroud of her brother—the last of his ancient line—the brave—the generous—the dearly-loved Fergus! How bitter is her anguish when she exclaims, "the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother! Volatile

and ardent, he would have divided his energies amid a thousand objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them. Oh! that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword!'"

It is a fearful responsibility, the exercise of influence: let our own conduct bring its own consequences—we may well meet the worst; not so when we have led another to pursue any given line of action: if they suffer, how tenfold is that suffering visited on ourselves! For Flora life could offer nothing but the black veil of the Benedictine convent. There are no associations so pleasant as those of our earlier years. It is upon them that the heart turns back amid after cares and sorrows:—the nursery, the old garden, the green field, remain the latest things that memory cherishes. They keep alive something of their own freshness and purity; and the affections belonging to those uncalculating hours have a faith and warmth unknown to after-life. To this ordinary but most sweet love Flora had added the ideal and the picturesque—and love, to reach its highest order, must be worked up by the imagination. She saw in her brother the chieftain of their line—the last descendant of Ivor. He was the support of the cause whose loyalty to its ill-fated adherents was as religion—their lofty enthusiasm was as much in common as their daily habits; they looked back and they looked forward together. When the last Vich Ian Vohr had perished on the scaffold, there remained for his lonely and devoted sister but the convent—a brief resting-place before the grave.

### Plunderings by the Way.

AIDS TO THE MEMORY.—Rhymes, which are not always poetry, are recommended in some of the old books as admirable helps to the memory. The regular recurrence of the same sounds assist in impressing the long-est passages upon the mind. The following gives an account of the regular succession of the sovereigns of England.

First William the Norman; then William his son;  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John;  
Next Henry the third; Edwards one, two and three;  
And again after Richard, three Henrys we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, queen Mary, and Bess;  
Then Jamie the Scotsman, then Charles whom they slew;  
Yet received after Cromwell, another Charles too.  
Next, James the second ascended the throne;  
Then good William and Mary together came on;  
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,  
God sent them Victoria—may she be the last.

CHOICE OF ACQUAINTANCE.—I live as much with actors, and musicians, and painters, as with princes and politicians, and am as well satisfied, and better indeed, with the society of the first, as with that of the latter. But I absolutely require that people should possess some quality or other to amuse me or interest me, or I had rather be by myself. People may be very good sort of people, and have nothing in them for me to object to; but if they have nothing more, they would bore me, and being bored is to me positive torture. In short, I will either live with people of my own choice, and who can manage to engage my affections or amuse my mind (be they princes or be they fiddlers and fluters), or I will live alone.—*Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis.*

DR. WALCOT.—This eccentric physician called upon a bookseller in Paternoster-row, to inquire after his own works. The publisher asked him to take a glass of wine, when he was presented with a cocoa-nut goblet with the face of a man carved on it.

"Eh! eh!" said the Doctor, "what have we here?"

"A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know."

"Nothing more likely," rejoined Walcot, "for it is universally known that all booksellers drink their wine from our skulls."

The celebrated Mrs. Billington, the vocalist, was one of Dr. W.'s intimate friends. She invited the Dr. one day to take tea with her. Peter was punctual; the tea was served; but to the Doctor's astonishment the sugar was brought on table in a brown paper bag.

"What the devil is all this, Mother Billington?"

"Everything is at the pawnbroker's," was the reply, and the silver sugar dish is sent to get the tea.—*Physic and Physician.*

FORGERIES OF ANTIQUE COINS.—A correspondent writes as follows:—"We think it friendly to warn collectors of coins that a person is now travelling through Ireland and selling forgeries of ancient and modern coins. He has been in Dublin, Kilkenny, and Limerick, and imposed his fabrications on various unsuspecting persons, usually calling in the dusk of the evening, when detection is not so easy. We have seen one lot of about 200 pieces, in gold, silver, and copper, which he imposed on a respectable gentleman as Greek, Roman, British, French, Anglo-Gallie, English, and Scotch coins—all false—chiefly casts, as may be perceived by their want of sharpness of outline, when compared with similar coins struck in a die, and from a roughness of surface, occasioned by air bubbles that occur in casting metal; and when the coin is large, the edges of the piece will be found thinner than the centre. We hope that our brother journalists will copy this notice, to guard the public against the rascality that threatens their purses."—*Cork Paper.*

NATIONAL PROPENSITIES.—When a celebrated Scottish Nobleman was once Ambassador to the Court of France, Louis was very anxious to learn from him the character of our nation, *tria juncta in uno*.

"Well, my Lord," cried the King, "how would an Englishman be found after a hard fought field?"

"Oh! sleeping away the fatigues of the day," replied the Ambassador.  
 "Very prudently," rejoined his Majesty. "And the Irish?"  
 "Oh, he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day."  
 "Good! good!" laughed out the Royal Louis. "And now, though last not least in glory's annals—your own countryman—the bonny Scot?"  
 "Why, your Majesty, I ken Sandy's humour—he'd be just darning his hose, perhaps, and thinking of the siller he could save."

ANECDOTE BY A PENNY-A-LINER.—A poor woman with two children, living for the last ten years in a wretched garret, in an obscure part of the city, and earning a scanty subsistence by her own labour, was, a few evenings ago, surprised by the entrance of a gentleman, who, in a civil manner, but without waiting for any express permission, went to an old cupboard which the woman had found in the room when she hired it, opened it, and, after some rummaging of its contents, removed a board at the back, and drew forth a quantity of papers. Having carefully examined them with evident satisfaction, he turned to the present occupant and apologised for his abrupt proceedings. He informed her that ten years ago he was her predecessor in that very room, but being, from untoward circumstances, compelled to leave Paris at a moment's notice, he had not time to return and take with him the papers he then had found where he had concealed them, to prevent his being brought into trouble. He then presented her with a bank-note for 500*fr.* as a compensation for the damage he had done to the cupboard, and took his departure.—*Paris paper.*

AN "AFFAIR OF HONOUR."—As a somewhat incorrect statement of this "affair" appeared in some of the papers yesterday, we give the following full, true and particular account of it:—A meeting took place on Sunday morning, on Wimbledon Common, between Lord William Paget and Mr. Thomas Fiske, arising out of the examination of Mr. Poole, before the Insolvent Debtors' Court—which examination was reported in the *Morning Herald* of the 11th inst. In his examination Mr. Poole stated that Mr. Fiske (the insolvent) informed him that he had advanced Lord William Paget a sum of money. On seeing this statement, Lord William immediately wrote to Mr. Fiske, demanding, that as he (Mr. Fiske) had never lent his Lordship a farthing, he should immediately contradict Mr. Poole's statement, in a letter to the editor of the *Morning Herald*, or otherwise appoint a friend, in order that arrangements might be made for a "meeting." Mr. Fiske adopted the latter alternative, and the meeting took place on Sunday morning, as already stated—Lord Wm. Paget being attended by Capt. Baillie (late 16th lancers), and Mr. Fiske by Mr. Nightingale. Mr. Fiske received his Lordship's fire, and then fired in the air. Mr. Fiske then stated, that the demand to contradict Mr. Poole's statement having been made under a threat, he could not comply with it; but that having received his Lordship's fire, he had no hesitation in declaring, in the presence of Captain Baillie and Mr. Nightingale, that he had never lent any money to his Lordship.

#### THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

In a recent speech made in Congress, Mr. Biddle of Pennsylvania thus eloquently alludes to the oft-mooted question of the separation of the States:—

Mr. B. said, the gentleman from Georgia had gone into statements about the value of the South to the North, and the effect of a separation upon exchanges and commerce. He always felt pained in listening to these statistics of disunion. They had an irritating and pernicious effect. Even in private associations for trade, where the object is mere gain, men of spirit would not endure teasing allusions to the inequality of advantages amongst the partners, but would break away at any pecuniary sacrifice. He believed the Union indispensable to the prosperity of every portion of it. Tracing, as he did, the earliest, the nearest, the tenderest relation of life to the South, he yet believed that blood did not rule his better guides, but that he spoke the convictions of a dispassionate judgment. He believed, further, that a separation would be the prelude to contests, unexampled in their sanguinary and ferocious character, not only between rival states, but between rival cities; we would be an easy prey to any foreign Power. There were other considerations that lay even deeper with him. Our fathers had established this Union by their joint labours in the council and in the field. They bequeathed it to us, with that solemn injunction which Washington had embodied in his farewell warning, against anything that might tend to disturb it. Yes sir, during how many trying years did our fathers stand round the same camp-fires, and cheer the watch-eyes of the night with high hopes of what awaited their descendants in a long and glorious future? Shall we impiously disappoint them? Shall we be found engaged in miserable bickerings as to which is the most highly favoured portion of the inheritance? Sir, I love rather to dwell habitually upon the thousand endearing and ennobling ties that bind us together—upon that common fund of glory which comes down to us from Saratoga and Yorktown, from the Brandywine, from Monmouth, from Eutaw, and the Cowpens. I cannot calculate the value of the Union any more than I can calculate the value of any other sacred tie. I have no tables by which to find in coin an equivalent for objects most precious to the heart. Sir, I do not allude to anything that fell from the gentleman from Georgia, but how often, of late, are we saddened by glib and flippant allusions to separation, as if it were a mere dispersion from a fashionable watering-place, at the first touch of frost!

#### SOCIAL CONDITION OF A GOVERNESS.

In a sensible review of Lady Blessington's "Governess" we find the following liberal remarks:—

The condition of the governess—as drawn in Lady Blessington's novel is neither that so scientifically censured by the political economist, nor that

so gravely and forcibly depicted by the critic. She makes her governess the victim of gross-minded, upstart vulgarity—of ridiculous and fantastic cal selfishness—or of intriguing weakness on the part of her employers, while the victim also suffers persecution from men on account of her beauty, and insolence from servants on account of her propriety of behaviour.

All these things are possible, but not likely; allowable enough in order to make up the interest of a fictitious story, but not doing much towards the "diffusion of useful knowledge" upon the position and circumstances of domestic governesses.

We incline to think that all the views we have adverted to, of the circumstances of the governess, are too gloomy. Not but that their situation is very often—alas! too often—very cheerless, and wearing to the tender spirit of a young and well-brought-up woman. We grant this; but still in the position of the governess, as in so many other positions, about which much moan is made, the case, for good or for evil, very much depends upon the individual herself. If she be what Lady Blessington describes her heroine to be in her first situation—mild, and yet firm—ready to help herself in every way she can, without mental or moral degradation—reasonably observant of the temper of others, and reasonably powerful over her own—if she join to these qualities, or earnestly try to join them, a religiously dutiful and cheerful spirit, it is not credible that, save in extraordinary cases, her position can long be a painful one. We prefer taking this view of the matter, not only because we incline to the belief that it is the truest one, but because it is the most hopeful. The command that the governesses can have over that portion of society where their services are required must be but little. They must submit to take their employers and their households as they find them; but in the commanding and ordering of themselves they may do very much, and win that confidence, respect, and kindness which the philosophy of sullen acquiescence in a dismal fate would never obtain, nor obtain anything else worth half so much.

Let it be remembered, however, at the same time by those who employ governesses that a habit of exaction and unkindness is as wicked as it is base, vulgar, and odious; and that even civility, if "cold and forced," is only not quite so bad. Common sense as well as Christian feeling should dictate that, to the person who stands so much in the place of a parent towards their children, the deportment of parents should be confidential and kind.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES AND THE CRITICS.

The following humorous description of theatricals in the Metropolis, is contained in a letter from Gustavus Nibs, Gentleman-at-Arms, to Benjamin Squabpic, Mousehole:

Dear Ben,—You ask me what they are doing at the playhouses? The question betrays your rusticity. True it is, there has of late been a spirit in things dramatic, but as a general principle—understand me, my dear Ben, as a general principle—never think of the stage; it isn't fashionable: to speak knowingly and emphatically, it isn't the thing. That very admirable and most disinterested print, "The Wet Blanket"—I shall have to write further of that excellent periodical—has proved it to be impossible that the drama can flourish in a highly-civilised state; the best interests of the stage being, as the writer would imply, compatible only with an infant state of society. When the community can run a'one, argues the critic, it inevitably runs from the theatre to the opera. This becoming a fashionable opinion—and, no doubt, all through the influence of "The Wet Blanket"—it, of course, becomes mine.

To you, however, my dear Benjamin—the Cassias to my schoolboy Brutus—I will speak without disguise. I have been to the playhouses! I have sat in the pit; but, having taken the precaution of assuming false whiskers, it is my hope that nobody has detected me.

I had an earnest wish to visit Drury Lane: that wish, unhappily, remains ungratified. You know my constitutional abhorrence of a mob. Well, day by day, I was alarmed, disappointed, at the announcement in the bills, which, declaring the house to be every night crowded to the ceiling, prevented my risking my anatomy among the multitude. This, I the more regret, as I was assured by three cigar-smoking critics at the Albion—the eldest was at least eighteen—that "'twas devilish fine—devilish—never—never anything like it."

I went to Covent Garden. There is a new play there called "The Lady of Lyons"—a play in five acts. I would write you my opinion of it, but find it so briefly, yet withal so deliciously, reviewed in "The Wet Blanket," that I prefer transcribing the wisdom and fine taste of the critic. Here it is:—

"The Lady of Lyons," a play in five acts, has been produced at Covent Garden. If not written in the city of Lyons, it is written at the city of Lyons."

In this easy, yet profound style, are five new acts discussed in "The Wet Blanket!" The critic would finish a new tragedy, comedy, and farce in less time than a Cyclops would head and point a pin. When, however, he intends to be very severe, he never mercilessly uses a club, but endeavours quietly to punch a mortal hole in his subject with a blunt epigram.

I have seen "Macbeth;" but you, who have been accustomed to behold the witches at —, can have no idea of the terrible haggardness, the wild, demoniacal aspects of the persons at Covent Garden. All the witches I had ever seen in "Macbeth" were cosy, comfortable old women, with a somewhat jocular expression of face—droll old beldams, who had realized a decent income by the sale of matches. At Covent Garden this is all altered; and, "surely," as "The Wet Blanket" observes, "without sufficient authority." The same critic remarks that the meaning of the author would be more familiarised to the audience, if a dagger, suspended by a thin wire, were made to dangle before the eyes of Macbeth, as he exclaims—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?" to be



adroitly whipped away at the words "there's no such thing!" To me, I must own, the suggestion is quite worthy the eminent critic, overflowing as he always is with a profound sense of the poetic. If I purchase a free ticket next season—an expense I am afraid to contemplate—I shall, as a point of duty, recommend the manager to try the wire. The ghost of Banquo is seen—why not the ghost of the dagger?

"King Lear," with the restoration of the "Fool," and the murder of Cordelia—who, you will recollect, in Mr. Nahum Tate's edition, is married to Edgar, and, with the old king, "lives happy ever after"—has been put before the town; but, as "The Wet Blanket" observes, "the original version is very affecting."

However, "Coriolanus" for my money. That is a show! You, who have seen nothing beyond an election at Liskeard, can have no idea of the mob at Covent Garden. Such delicious ruffians! My father, it is true, made his money by smoked pilchards; nevertheless, sure I am that I have a dash of aristocracy in my veins. How I came by it I know not—but there it is; otherwise, how could I have felt such mysterious loathing—such indescribable indignation, at the pack of vagabonds, bellowing, threatening, stamping at the noble Roman! Strange, upon a sensitive mind, is the influence of the stage. As the mob roared I felt within me a wondrous change; sympathising with the noble Coriolanus, my plebeian clay seemed to refine into aristocratic porcelain—the red earth pipkin became a bit of real China!

The whole show is a wonderful piece of reality. The mob, I am told, were engaged and instructed by Twosides, a Westminster elector, and back-bone patriot; and are, with few exceptions, the very individuals who have often rehearsed in the front of Covent Garden hustings. Twenty among them, I am informed, can boast of having given black eyes to at least four candidates for Parliament. To the astonishment of its readers, "The Wet Blanket" has praised this; observing that "there is truth and fine keeping in it."

The Olympic—the house that Corduroy the traveller used to rave about—is the prettiest place, I think, in the habitable world. The pieces, too, are so nice and light; they come on and go off like butterflies, and, fluttering pleasantly about one, they please the eye and don't stretch the mind. And then, the beauty! Oh, Benjamin—now I have touched upon beauty—what a place is London! How necessary it is for a man in my exalted station to keep constantly before him the probability of a golden match, in order that he may not sell himself too cheap!

The Adelphi is a wonderful house. You have seen a whole service of plate shaken from a single cherry-stone. In like manner, you have at the Adelphi all the tenants of a Noah's Ark—the Pyramids—the entire of the Alps—two or three earthquakes—and every drop of the Bay of Biscay; each or all, as it may please the astounding manager, placed at one time before you! There never was such a place for the *multum in parvo* of things. At this moment, a new front scene is advertised, in which will be exhibited a full-length portrait of—the Birmingham Railway!

The dramas are mostly of the galvanic order; though there has been of late a touch of natural history in the pieces. A dwarf acted a blue-bottle fly to perfection; buzzing round the boxes to the enthusiastic delight of a refined audience. The exhibition of the Industrious Fleas—they were shown in Regent-street, to the shame of biped idlers—has been much injured by the opposition. Another draught, called "The Mayor and the Monkey," contains, I think, a piece of mischief that has escaped the unsuspecting licenser: a mayor is put in bodily fear by a conjuror, who declares that he can, "by his so potent art," transform a high civic authority into an ape! Mayors ought to look to this.

Promise me, my dear Ben, to keep my information on dramatic affairs a profound secret, and I will from time to time gratify your uncultivated taste with a letter on the subject. In the mean time, you must be content with the present. Several houses remain to be noticed: it was the intention of two or three of us to visit the Norton Folgate Theatre, a play-house on the Essex road, but we could not at the moment make up our minds where we should bat. Thine ever,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,  
Gent.-at-Arms and F.S.A.

P.S. I had left the letter unsealed, as I could not beg a frank until the morrow. I have since seen my friend Dryandull. He tells me that he is appointed dramatic critic to "The Wet Blanket," *viz.* Tepid, discharged for his immeasurable praise of the mob in "Coriolanus;" the great pervading principle of "The Wet Blanket" being, as he ought to have known, to praise nothing. You will, perhaps, be amused by a description of the ordeal to which all candidates for the critical rod in "The Wet Blanket" are invariably subjected. The candidate is placed in an apartment in a temperature of 98, where he is suffered to remain at least an hour. He is then ordered to take a thermometer from over the fireplace, and desired to put the instrument under his waistcoat—in a word, at the place "nearest his heart." Having held the instrument there not more than two minutes, he is required to return the thermometer to the judge: if the mercury have fallen to 30, the candidate is deemed eligible. Dryandull passed the ordeal with distinguished success: holding forth his hand, he asked me to congratulate him; I clasped his hand—I have never been warm from that moment.

It is a positive fact, that, even at midsummer, the printer's devils, where "The Wet Blanket" is "got up," save the copy, and, laying it upon the floor, shate over it. At the yearly dinner given to the various contributors, the hat—the simple hat of the editor—is invariably used as a wine-cooler.

#### A NICE DISTINCTION IN MODERN ETIQUETTE.

Rather a curious and not unentertaining instance of the refinement of ceremony in a somewhat serious affair has lately been recorded in the newspapers. Two young noblemen went from London to the coast of France to fight a duel, in consequence (as had been stated) of a quarrel in a place where neither of them ought to have been. After each had fired a loaded pistol at the other, without any death or wound ensuing, one of

the parties made some explanation which rendered further appeal to the pistol unnecessary. Upon this the explainee was marched up to the explainer for the purpose of shaking hands with him. The latter begged leave to decline the honour proposed to him, but had no objection to *take off his hat* to the Noble Lord whom he had just before been saluting with a pistol-bullet; and accordingly he did take off his hat, but did not shake hands.

There is a delicacy of distinction exhibited here which shows that civilization in the present day has arrived at a very high pitch of perfection. At a less enlightened period, or even now among persons of a coarser grain, the combatant who would not shake hands would not probably think of any intermediate courtesy between that familiarity and no acknowledgment at all. And such want of delicate perception, or coolness to act upon it, with deadly weapons yet smoking in their hands might lead to renewals of battle, when otherwise, as in the case now cited, a simple elevation of the hat one inch and a quarter from the top of the head would settle the matter.

It is to be hoped that so brilliant an example as the philosophy of gradation in matters of intimacy will not be lost upon this discerning generation. Many a man would do well to remember how much better it is merely to take off his hat than to shake hands. For instance, when the dice-box is seen upon the table, inviting a more intimate acquaintance, gentlemen would do well to take off their hat to such a friend rather than shake hands. When a man "well known on the turf" marks what you say of some horse that has caught your fancy, and offers you a large and tempting bet, retreat gracefully two steps, and take off your hat, but do not shake hands. Or if you are so unfortunate as to take bets and lose them—to find yourself completely "done," and absolutely "cleaned out," and, in your despair, a loaded pistol suddenly comes in sight in a lonely room—recollect yourself, take off your hat to it, but by no means shake hands. If a blackguard offers to lend you money at fifty per cent., take off your hat to him, but by no means shake hands. If an undertaker for embarrassed young men introduces you to a vulgar vixen with fifty thousand pounds, who wants to be married, take off your hat to her, but do not shake hands. If "the most charming woman in the world," who happens to have "such a brute of a husband," is so obliging as to hint to you the practicability of running away with her, take off your hat most particularly, but be very careful that you do not shake hands. Finally, if you go to the Zoological Gardens, and the large Bengal tiger purs most lovingly in your face, take off your hat by all means, but be very sure that you do not attempt to shake hands.

There are thousands of matters in which this philosophy might be applied; and in pointing out these few we have done only faint justice to one brilliant discovery among the many for which this age is, and will be, so celebrated.

#### THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

From the London Sun.

In alluding to the just description given of the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at the Winchester festival, the *Standard*, said, "So spoke the last Plantagenet, though we hope not to be the last of his high and royal race." The *Globe* commenting upon the passage in the *Standard*, repeats the words "the last Plantagenet," and sneeringly observes, "we do not know the grounds on which this *sobriquet* is given to the Duke of Buckingham." Perhaps our worthy Evening friend, whose confession of ignorance touching this matter is more creditable to his sincerity than a pretence of knowledge on many other subjects on which his mind is equally dark, will not be thankful to us for enlightening him. Yet, at the risk of meeting no other reward than rank ingratitude, we will undertake the task, and communicate one ray of knowledge to a mind not overstocked with information. Be it known, then, that the name which our worthy friend of the *Palmerston Journal* calls a *sobriquet* the grounds for which he is at a loss to conceive, is in the first place the right of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos as his *name of baptism*, he having been received into the bosom of the Christian and Catholic Church by the name or names of Richard Plantagenet Brydges, &c. Grenville. Let us observe at the same time, that there is a slight mistake in applying to him the description of the "last of the Plantagenets," for there is, we are happy to say, another of the name as well as race—*viz.*, Richard Plantagenet Campbell Grenville, commonly called the Marquis of Chandos, who inherits his father's talents and virtues, and who, on his first public appearance at the dinner of the *Buckingham Conservative Association* last year, gave, in the short but expressive address which he made, high promise of future distinction as an able and devoted champion of those Protestant principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne of these realms. In the second place the Duke of Buckingham has an *ancestral right* to the honoured name of "Plantagenet"—a name rich in the recollections of history, and associated with the royal blood of England. The late Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the mother of his Grace, was the heiress and representative of the house of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary Dowager Queen of France, and sister of Henry VIII. To the issue of that sister, who was the relict of Louis XII., the crown of England was left by Henry in his will as a contingent remainder, but we need not add, that, as the contingency did not happen, the title never vested in Mary's descendants. This was not a mere exercise of despotic authority by Henry VIII., for the power of bequeathing and limiting the Crown was conferred on him by Act of Parliament, respecting which Mr. Justice Blackstone says, "A vast power; but notwithstanding, as it was regularly vested in him by the supreme legislative authority, it was therefore indisputably valid." The Crown, as we stated, never vested in any of the descendants of Henry VIII's sister Mary, but on the death of the last of his daughters, Elizabeth, it vested in the heirs of Henry's elder sister Margaret, Queen of the Scottish Monarch, James IV., from whom descended James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, from whom the Hanoverian line, represented by our present Most Gracious Sovereign, are descended through the Electress Sophia of Hanover, youngest daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

mia, the daughter of James I. That Princess, though not the nearest to the ancient blood royal in respect of consanguinity, was the nearest of the Protestant religion; therefore the best and strongest title which the august family whom Queen Victoria represents have to the throne, is written in that legislative title-deed called the Act of Settlement, 12 and 13 Wm. III., cap. 2, which limits and binds the inheritance to the imperial crown of these realms for ever *exclusively* in a Protestant line of succession—*esto perpetua*.

### THE BAYADERES.

The Bayaderes, Nautch, or dancing-girls of India, have, from the earliest times, enjoyed great celebrity. But though, from their connexion with the religious ceremonies of their country, it would be natural to attribute to them a sacred character, such is very far from being the case. They are never looked upon in the light of respectable females; nor do the musicians who attend them hold a higher place in public estimation. Nevertheless, they invariably form part of the sacred pageants; and are also called upon, on all festive occasions, to exhibit their accomplishments of singing and dancing: for, like those glee-maidens (doubtless, descendants of an Eastern race) who frequently accompanied the *jougleurs*, they excel in both. Those who have attained superiority in their profession demand considerable remuneration; and there are many amongst them whose fame is little inferior to that of the fashionable *dansesuses* of Europe. India abounds with these professors of the *gaie science*, all gifted with more or less talent, though their numbers now do not equal those of former days; the multitudes of whom, attached to the temples, and filling the palaces of the great, were almost countless. We are informed, on good authority, that no less than two thousand administered to the pomp of one Rajah; who, by this profusion, incurred the anger of his sovereign, the Emperor Shere; so enormous an establishment being considered an encroachment on the imperial privilege. This occurred in the year A. D. 1543.

There were five hundred dancing-girls attached to the temple of Sunnat, many very beautiful, and some of noble descent, the Rajahs considering it an honour to gain admittance for their daughters. This temple was, in A. D. 1022, destroyed by Sultan Mahmoud.

The Nautch girls are usually instructed in the art of performing on the *daireh*, or tambourine, and the *sekdah*, or three-stringed guitar. These accomplishments, being commonly possessed by this class of females, are not considered altogether becoming when adopted by others, if we may judge by the satirical writings of some Persian authors, who, in giving burlesque advice to the ladies, recommend them to learn these instruments, and to sing the songs of Hafiz.\*

The costume of the Nautch girls varies occasionally, but not materially. They wear in general a close jacket, having beneath a sort of stay, or bodice, made of thin scales of light wood, so flexible as to yield to the shape, and which is adapted to prevent their forms from expanding too much. This jacket has sometimes tight sleeves, that reach half way to the elbow, having a narrow border, painted or embroidered in various colours. A piece of white cotton cloth is wrapped round the loins, and descends on one side almost to the ankle. A wide piece of muslin is thrown over the right shoulder, which, passing under the left arm, is crossed round the middle, and hangs down to the feet. The hair is rolled up in a knot, or bunch, towards the back of the head; and some have curls hanging before and behind their ears. Their arms are adorned with bracelets; their ears, ankles, toes, and fingers, with rings; and sometimes they wear a small ring on one side of their nostril. Like most of the Oriental women, they are fond of small mirrors, which are set in rings, and worn on the thumb: they are generally of highly polished brass. A couplet from a Persian author is expressive of this custom. A lover is prevented, by the presence of others, from declaring his feelings, and leaves to the *tooken flower* to tell his sentiments:

"He, with salute of deference due,  
A lotus to his forehead press'd;  
She raised her mirror to his view,  
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

The dress is sometimes varied by the adoption of Persian trousers, a *djama*, or long robe neatly shaped to the upper part of the body, falling very low, nearly to the feet, composed of wrought muslin, or gold and silver tissue. The hair is plaited, and hangs down behind, with spiral curls on each side of the face. Occasionally, they add small gold and silver bells to their ankles; a practice of great antiquity, as we find it reprobated in Scripture.

The figures frequently met with in Indian MSS., and often those of Bacchantes in antique bas-reliefs, may serve as exact representations of the Nautch girls of India. They are protected by government, and live according to their own particular rules. In the code of Gentoo laws and customs, it is said:

"If a dancing-girl commit a crime that renders her property liable to confiscation, the magistrates shall confiscate all her effects, *except her clothes, jewels, and dwelling*."

They are permitted to eat meat of any kind, except beef: they even drink spirituous liquors—which, perhaps, may have led the Greeks, who accompanied Alexander, to imagine that all the Hindoos did the same.

To Europeans, the movements of these dancers may not appear at first to possess much attraction; yet the suppleness of their limbs, the waving of their flexible arms, the rapid motion of their small feet, and the flashing of their dark eyes, must certainly be acknowledged as full of grace and beauty, and, to an accustomed eye, no doubt have great charms. They

\* One of the most popular songs at the native Nautches: an especial favourite with the English residents, who invariably call for it, is the "Gazel" of Hafiz, so well known in India as "Taza-be-taza, no-be-no;" for the able translation of which, lately forwarded to us, beginning,

"Minstrel, haste, pour forth a lay,  
Ever fresh and ever gay,"

we regret that we have not sufficient space.

do not spring from the ground, but seem almost always supported on one foot; sometimes whirling round on the right heel, while the lower garment is thrown forward by the left knee in ample and redundant folds. They use a great variety of gesticulations, and keep the most perfect time to the instruments which accompany them. These instruments are very numerous: the *dole*, a sort of long, narrow drum, slung round the neck of the person who beats it; the *tam-tam*, a flat drum, resembling a tabor, but longer and louder, which is struck or rubbed with the fingers; flutes of various sorts; the *been*, a stringed instrument, resembling a very large guitar, but of greater powers: the *cherck*, not unlike the ancient lyre; the *bar-but*, or bass-viol; small cymbals, frequently made of silver; and several others.

Amongst the persons mentioned to be shunned, in the "Institutes of Hindoo War," dancers are particularly specified; and the young Hindoo is cautioned to avoid, amongst other dangers, some whimsical enough (as, for instance, wearing sandals, and carrying an umbrella), the listening to, or participating in, vocal or instrumental music, or dancing.

The Hindoo wife, who is commanded to "emaciate her body by living voluntarily on *pure flowers*, roots, and fruit," in the hope of attaining in heaven the mansion of her husband, whom, during life, she is enjoined to reverence as a god, and to whom, after death, she is expected to devote herself. If she, despising the opinion of the world, and resisting the persuasions of the priests, wishes to escape the sacrifice, she may, at the last moment, be free, by attaching herself to the class to which the Nautch girls belong; and though her character is irretrievably gone, she is protected from insult by the laws: it is true that, after her death, her soul is certain of degradation, by passing into the body of a *shakal*, or other unclean animal; and she is forever in this life excluded from communion with the superior sects. In so little respect are the public dancers and singers held, that it is very rare that a Hindoo widow saves her life by this means, for it is expressly said in the institutes, after naming certain laws and regulations which concern females, "These laws relate not to public dancers or singers."

Notwithstanding the ill repute in which the Nautch girls are held, there are not wanting instances of their inspiring sincere affection, and returning it with truth and devotion. So lately as 1828, a young dancing girl from Shirauz—that city of which it is said, "Sugarcandy comes from Egypt, poetry and beauty from Shirauz"—was raised from her humble station to a place in the seraglio of the king of Persia. This fair creature was, from her knowledge, powers of entertainment, and truth of attachment, called Tootee, this being the name of a *parrot* held in high esteem for the same presumed qualifications, whose "Tales" are well known and circulated throughout the East.

The King of Persia became the slave of the beautiful Nautch girl: his whole delight was in her society; she was "the ocean to the river of his thoughts, which terminated all." All the epithets with which Persian poetry abounds, might, with justice, be applied to her, and the intelligence and sweetness of her countenance were something even "than beauty dearer."

The figure of Tootee was elegant and graceful, like "the branch of a delicate rose-tree," a "waving cypress," or "the plant of the Nagacesera, the most beautiful tree on earth, whose blossoms adorn the quiver of Camadeva;" her voice was "as melodious as those of the golden inhabitants of the mountain with a thousand peaks;" but her greatest charm in the eyes of her royal lover was her disinterested and unfeigned attachment to himself. All his former favourites were abandoned for Tootee; she was "the lotetree beyond which there is no passing." "Though apparently separated by birth, they were united by sympathy, like the moon and the white water-lily." Every day he discovered in her new perfections: like pure and sparkling wine in a crystal glass, the excellence of her temper might be discovered in the lineaments of her face; and he said with the poet, "if my mistress be, like other mortals, composed of clay and water, it must be the earth of Paradise, and the water of immortality." There appeared no bounds to their mutual happiness; but that *soaring bird who dwells among the branches of the Sudru*, has no abode in this confined world. Her laugh, which "eclipsed the Pleiads," was silenced; those "large black orbs, filled with a sprightly light," were quenched; that cheek, "where eternal Paradise bloomed," was blighted; that graceful form drooped, "like blue water-lilies with broken stalks;" those locks, "interwoven with blossoms, like a cloud variegated with moonbeams," lost their lustre: she was "a precious pearl, too pure for the rough sea of human life; the gods, therefore, replaced it gently in its parent shell." Tootee died, and the heart of the king was a blank for ever.

He built her a magnificent tomb, near the shrine of a holy saint, not more than five miles from his capital; and here he passed great part of his time, lamenting the untimely loss of this beloved and lovely being. Night after night the melancholy moon looked down upon the bereaved lover, and saw him extended in tearful silence on the tomb of Tootee; and the poets and minstrels of Shirauz will, doubtless, in after ages, record the sorrows and the loves of the king of Persia, and the beautiful dancing girl.

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